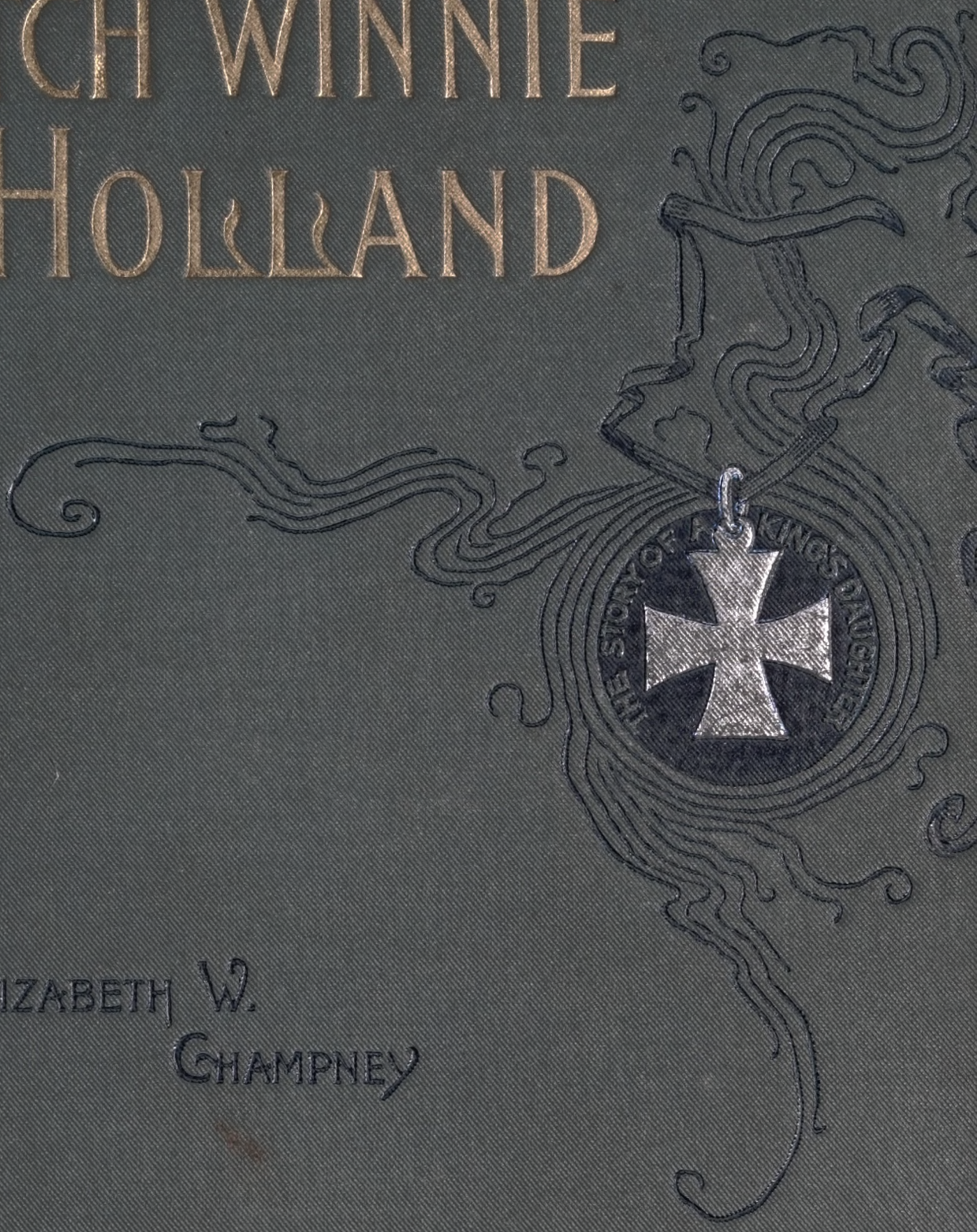
Witch Winnie in Holland



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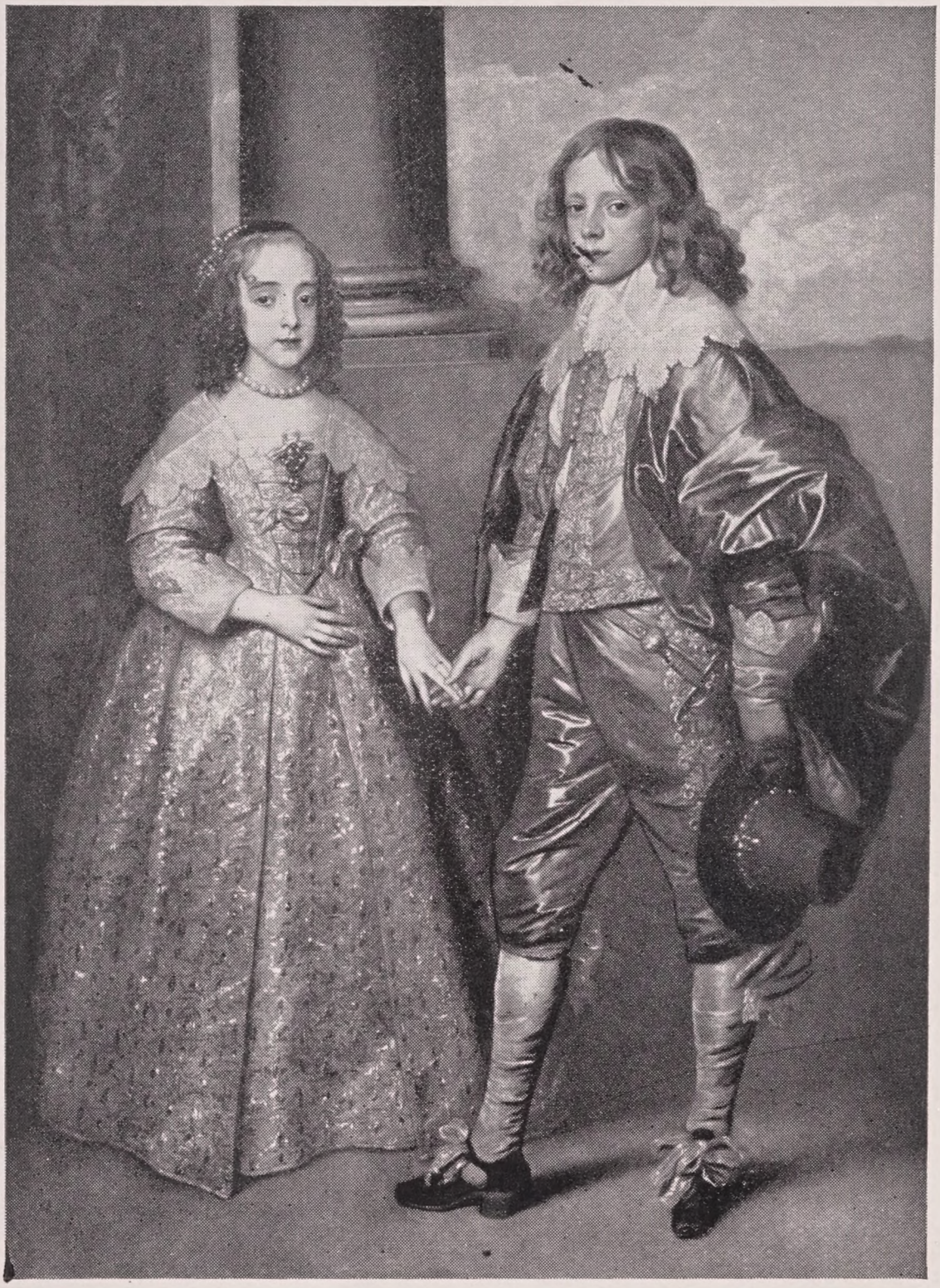

PRINCE WILLIAM II. OF ORANGE AND PRINCESS MARIE STUART, BY VANDYKE.

WITCH WINNIE IN HOLLAND

BY

ELIZABETH W. CHAMPNEY

AUTHOR OF "WITCH WINNIE," "WITCH WINNIE'S MYSTERY,"
"WITCH WINNIE AT VERSAILLES," ETC.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

AUG 25 1896

H8130 B2-1

NEW YORK
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY
PUBLISHERS
1896

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WITCH WINNIE IN HOLLAND.

CHAPTER I.

A STRANGE COAT-OF-ARMS AND A DINNER INVITATION.

WINNIE had decided on a summer's trip to Holland. Rosa Bonheur had advised her to go to that country to study the works of Paul Potter and its other great cattle painters in the museums, and, above all, to study the cattle themselves in their lush meadows; but Winnie's vague longings had not been crystallized into determination until she had seen the superb Dutch exhibit at the World's Columbian

Exposition at Chicago. To her, as to the great body of Americans, this exhibit was a revelation of the wonderful mastery of tone by the modern painters of Holland. She had been fascinated by Mesdag's magical effects of sea and cloud and the almost visible portraiture of invisible wind. She had been charmed by the sweet home life depicted by Neuhuys and Blommers, and had felt herself thrilled by the desolation of Israel's "Alone in the World," and had revelled in the colorful technique of Jacob Maris. It seemed to her that the Dutch more than any moderns had caught the spirit of Art, but the master who most appealed to her, both in his feeling for color and in choice of subject, was Anton Mauve.

"If I could have studied under him," she said to herself, "I might have been a true artist."

But the high privilege of being his disciple could never be Winnie's, for Mauve had died in 1888. Fortunately for the world he had been a prolific worker, and many of his pictures have come to the United States. Winnie found them in New York, and studied eagerly his flocks of quiet sheep, his black firs making rich

darks against the silver skies, all the gentle, more spiritual phases of nature, and the homely companionship of the peasant and his animals. There was real poetry in the graceful, silvery birches, and the hazy atmosphere surcharged with vapor, soft twilights and cool dawns, and a deep, sympathetic interest in the human types—the stolid but honest peasant cutting wood or following the plough ; the shepherd on lonely moors ; laborers along the canals ; women spreading linen, or milking their cows, or tending their babies, and all the quiet pathos of a life of endurance and sacrifice told in the stoop of the aged figure, even when the lines of the face could not be discerned. He had a marvellous sympathy and insight, not only for the life of his fellow-men, but for that of dumb, patient beasts and for the varying moods of nature. Winnie felt herself soothed and calmed in the presence of his pictures, and she told her friends that the same nature which had inspired Mauve must still exist, and she felt that she must put herself for a summer under its influence.

Mauve had painted last and longest at Laren, a little village near Amsterdam. There was an art colony here, and Winnie called a council of

her friends. Adelaide begged to be excused. She had married Professor Waite, and did not care to go. Tib was willing, but impecunious; but Mrs. Roseveldt had decided to make one of her semi-occasional trips to Paris, and agreed to first take Milly and Winnie to Laren and view the landscap o'er, to see whether it was practical to leave the girls there for the summer.

The days before their sailing were very full and busy, but Winnie found time to make a little visit with Mrs. Van Silver at the old manor house on the Hudson. Fortune had turned her wheel in the wrong direction for the Van Silvers. Their money had been swept away in the last financial crisis, and Van, who had studied medicine solely for pleasure, and with the intention of practising solely among the poor and without recompense, had "hung out his shingle" at the gate lodge, which had been converted into an office, and had begun the arduous life of a country doctor, glad to receive the scant fee after a day or night of physical toil and mental stress. All had gone but the old manor, which had been in the Van Silver family for five generations. If they could only manage to keep that! Winnie and Van had been

engaged for two years, but he would not ask her to marry him just now, when he had so little to offer, and the future was all dark, and Winnie would not have added a feather's weight to his cares and responsibilities; so there was nothing for the two young people to do but to wait patiently for better times—yes, and to keep up their courage and affection, and work hard in the interim. Van would have liked to pursue his studies in certain specialties still further in some European university, but that for the present was as impossible as marriage; but Winnie had earned a little fund of her own, and she could think of no better way of investing it than to make herself a more skilled artist. She talked her plans over with Mrs. Van Silver as they sat together in the large old-fashioned library overlooking the Hudson.

"The Van Silvers came originally from Holland," said that lady musingly. "I wish we had kept up communication with our Dutch cousins; they might be able to tender you hospitality or to be of some service to you."

"What do you know of them?" Winnie asked. "Who knows but I may run across them in my journey?"

"It is not likely, and even if you did, I am afraid you could not identify them or bring our American branch of the family to their remembrance. You see, our emigrating ancestor, Cornelis Van Silver, came over so very long ago that the Dutch relatives have probably no record of his existence. Another curious circumstance is that we are told that, although the Van part is certainly Dutch, no such name as Van Silver exists in Holland. My husband made his genealogy a study, and set experts to work to trace the family, but they failed utterly."

Winnie was much interested. "It sometimes happens," she said, "that one blunders into a discovery which has eluded the most systematic search. Have you any clew other than the prefix Van to lead you to believe that the family were Dutch?"

"The Christian name Cornelis of our first American ancestor is Dutch, and the few articles which have come down to us as originally belonging to him are certainly Dutch. The most valuable is that old upright clock; the case is of the finest Holland marquetry, an inlay of different colored woods, with a decorative

design of tulips. On the face you see painted the family coat-of-arms."

Winnie laughed. "I have noticed that painting a great many times, but I always supposed it was a representation of the cow jumping over the moon."

"It is grotesque enough. The crest is a calf, 'passant,' walking or gambolling awkwardly. The device on the shield is a tree 'eradicated' —that is, torn up by the roots, and the motto in Latin is nonsensical enough: 'A grove can be transplanted, but cannot be hewn down.' There is no such coat-of-arms to be found in any of the books of heraldry which my husband consulted, and he gave years of study to the matter, making it quite a fad."

Winnie made a careful water-color study of the device. "You said that there were some other heirlooms left by Cornelis Van Silver?"

"Yes; a bundle of old, yellow papers in Dutch. One of them appears to be the diploma of the University of Leyden, given to one Dirk Van Pieterzoon; but I don't see what that has to do with us."

"He was probably a relative. I should have thought your husband would have inquired for

the Van Pieterzoons of Leyden, or had search made in the records of the university.''

"This bundle of papers we found in the clock after my husband's death, or he might have gained some hint from them. The others seem to be only a fragment of a diary, some deeds of sale, and a will, all of the Pieterzoon family — no trace of the name Van Silver anywhere.''

"Never mind ; if you will lend them to me I will promise to be very careful of them, and I may discover something to your advantage.''

"I am not so anxious to discover my relatives, now that we have lost our fortune, as my dear husband was. He had a feeling that his Holland kinsfolk were sure to be poor, and that he might be able to do something for them ; but that is no longer possible. We do not care to make ourselves known to wealthy relatives, who might think that we wished to hang upon them, and we are not so situated as to be able to give ourselves the luxury of helping others.''

"But that is sure to come,'' Winnie said cheerfully. "And now, dear, dear Mrs. Van Silver, good-by, for you know I am to spend to-night with Milly Roseveldt at her home in

New York. You must not think of coming down to the city to-morrow to see us off.''

"Van will do it for me,'' said the other, as she gave Winnie a most motherly embrace. The two had learned to love each other very dearly, for Mrs. Van Silver's prejudice and jealousy had been completely overcome, and the motherless girl had found in her just the sympathetic and experienced counsellor that she needed. Winnie's erratic father had gone West, again absorbed in some enterprise "sure to give them fame and fortune,'' and Winnie had only the Van Silvers and her girl friends. Dearest of these was Milly Roseveldt, with whom she was now going abroad.

Van accompanied her to the steps of the Roseveldt mansion. He would call again later to escort her to a dinner party, to which they were both invited, and he would spend the night at his club, as he wished to be at the dock to witness the sailing of the steamer at noon the next day. Milly had caught sight of her friend as she came up the steps, and herself ran to open the door before Winnie had time to ring.

"You darling, where are your trunks? And why didn't Van come in?"

"My baggage has all been sent to the steamer. I thought you could lend me some sort of a gown to wear to Mrs. Fitz-Simmons's dinner, and you will see Van there; he had business to attend to in the mean time."

Milly made a little wry face. "But I am not going to the dinner."

"Not going to Mrs. Fitz-Simmons's dinner!" exclaimed Mrs. Roseveldt, who descended the hall stairs to welcome Winnie. "But, my dear, I told you that I had accepted the invitation for you."

"But you had no right to do so," Milly replied hotly. "Listen, Winnie; it came while I was away, and mamma, instead of consulting me, coolly promised that I would go."

"Yes, my dear, and it is quite too late now to change your mind; it would make your hostess no end of trouble, besides being a very insulting thing to do. Mrs. Fitz-Simmons has been very courteous to me the past winter, and I want to leave with pleasant relations between us."

"But under the circumstances, mamma,

when you know that Stacey and I are not on speaking terms, how could you?—how can I?"

"Stacey is in Harvard, and whatever may be your quarrel with him, you have none with his mother, and it should make no difference in your attitude toward her. I should say that it ought to make all the difference in the world; you should be all the more scrupulously punctiliously polite. She invited your father and me as well, and I explained that as it was the night before our sailing I had much to attend to, and must not overfatigue myself, but that you would certainly represent us all."

Milly shrugged her shoulders. "You are a very clever manager, mamma; and now you may write your very cleverest note of apology to wriggle out of this nice little trap, for I am not going."

Mrs. Roseveldt opened her lips to make some reply, but Winnie placed one hand upon them and wound her other arm around Milly's waist. "Take me upstairs, and get me up in your best war-paint and feathers," she said, "for I am going, and expect to have a particularly good time."

"My party dresses are all done up in bags in

this closet," said Milly, "for I did not care to take them abroad this time, as we are going for serious work. Let me see—" consulting the labels pinned on the bags. "This white brocade powdered with tiny forget-me-nots will make you look just like a little shepherdess in Dresden porcelain. See, it has baby-blue shoulder-knots, and is all a-fluff of chiffon about the neck. I haven't worn it since I was at Southampton."

Winnie remembered the last occasion on which Milly had worn it, and had no doubt that Stacey did too. "No, dear, that's too infantine for me. Haven't you something a little more in my style? I wish I had brought my old black lace gown. My red hair is so noisy that I have to be very careful of what colors I put near it."

"I never wear black," said Milly, "but mamma does. There is a black satin dress of hers here with a jet bertha; the skirt is perfectly plain. You will look magnificently in that."

"By the way, Milly," Winnie remarked, with assumed carelessness, "I have heard very good news of Stacey. They say he has devel-

oped into a regular grind, and is likely to graduate next summer *cum laude*, possibly *magna cum laude*. Only think of that!"

"If he does, I shall feel certain that it is on account of some trickery, and that he does not deserve it."

"Now, Milly, that is very hateful and unjust in you. Van says that Stacey has always been the soul of honor, both before and since that summer at Shinnecock, and he cannot understand how he could have allowed another man's work to pass as his own, unless it was done as a joke, or possibly for another reason."

"What was that? It was no joke, I am sure."

"Oh, you are not interested, and I don't know why we should discuss Stacey."

"I would like to know what Van has to say in his favor, for he knew him well."

"Van says that it is possible that Stacey was so blinded by his love for you that he temporarily forgot the difference between right and wrong. He says men have been known to have their judgments affected that way, and even to go insane in wildly trying to please some one of whom they were very fond."

In her heart Milly believed that this was the

true reason, and she replied, as she told herself many times: "If I exercised such an evil influence over Stacey, it was well that it should come to an end at once."

"You did give him just the rebuke he needed, and apparently it had a good effect upon him; but you are not called upon to visit this sort of discipline on his mother. Really, Milly, now that everything is ended between you, it seems to me very childish in you to be uncivil to Mrs. Fitz-Simmons, from whom you accepted so much hospitality. It looks a little, my dear, like pique; and, of course, I know it is not so. Others, and especially Mrs. Fitz-Simmons herself, might argue from it that you still cared for Stacey."

A brilliant red spot burned on each of Milly's cheeks. "If I thought that my staying away would be construed in that light, I should certainly go."

CHAPTER II.

STACEY AGAIN.

MRS. COMMODORE FITZ-SIMMONS was very unhappy. Her little scheme, which she had planned so astutely and carried out with so much tact that summer at Southampton, had not worked well, though it had opened so promisingly. At that time Mrs. Fitz-Simmons was sure that Milly Roseveldt had been the particular star of her son's adoration ever since he had been a boy at the Cadet School, and that no one had supplanted her in his two years of Harvard life. How his eyes had kindled when she had casually proposed inviting Milly to their cottage for a two weeks' visit in that vaca-

tion between his Sophomore and Junior year! It was a bit of diplomacy on Mrs. Fitz-Simmons's part, for she wished to study Milly critically close at hand before giving her tacit consent to the trend matters seemed to be taking. And her consent had been given so willingly; for who could help loving sunny Milly, a beam of sunshine through and through, from her golden hair, with the light tangled in its fluffy meshes, to her rippling laugh, which affected one like a sudden sunburst on a gloomy day? And Mrs. Fitz Simmons, with a vision intensified by love, had studied the girl mercilessly, and had found no fault in her. Milly's mother had joined her, as we remember, and together they had taken one of the quaint little cottages at the Shinnecock Art Village; and all that summer Stacey had been her devoted slave. Milly, too, had grown to love Stacey. Mrs. Fitz-Simmons had rejoiced to recognize this, even before that morning of the storm when Stacey had brought her home wet through with the surf and spray, and they had told her what they fancied was their secret—a secret for which she had planned and striven for months. And then, suddenly, just as she had fancied that

everything was satisfactorily settled and that the young people were entering on a long but happy engagement, Stacey had stalked into the house with gloom upon his brow and bitterness in his heart, and had announced that everything was over between them. "Ask me no questions," he had said, "and never, never mention Milly Roseveldt's name to me again."

This was at the time of the autumn breaking-up of the summer sketching school. Milly had made her farewell call on Mrs. Fitz-Simmons two days before; but then she had been all gayety and affection—no hint of this lovers' quarrel, and Mrs. Fitz-Simmons ordered her victoria, and drove at once to the Art Village, only to find the cottage closed and its occupants gone. She did not give up hope even then, but wrote Milly to her city address, making an eloquent plea for her son, and closing with the words: "I do not know what he has done that has displeased you, but I beg of you to forgive him, for he loves you with all his heart, and is very miserable." And Milly had replied:

"I can well believe that your son knew nothing of your writing me, as an explanation is

the last thing which he could have wished. Since he has not chosen to tell you the reason of our parting, I will not, though it seems to me quite of a piece with his conduct throughout this entire miserable business that he does not allow me to justify myself with you. It has all been a mistake, dear Mrs. Fitz-Simmons —I have been mistaken in Stacey, and he in me. We are young, and I dare say we shall both get over it, and be very thankful that we understood one another before it was too late. I am so sorry that we ever thought we knew one another and exercised so unhappy an influence on each other's lives. You have been so sweet and good to me that it pains me to give you pain. Forgive me, and believe me,

"Ever lovingly and regretfully yours,

"MILLY ROSEVELDT.'

Mrs. Fitz-Simmons read and reread this letter, and grew more and more perplexed and angry. "She seems to imply something dishonorable on Stacey's part," she thought, in great indignation. "This cannot be. Some one has been circulating malicious stories, and she is jealous. I will ask Stacey."

But this was not easy. To all of his mother's questionings Stacey replied: "Please, mother, say no more about it. There is no misunderstanding. I have transgressed Miss Roseveldt's ideas of right, and she will never forgive me. John Nash, my man—you remember him—had a great deal of talent, but I could not make him join the class and submit his paintings to Mr. Chase; he was so sensitive that he would not do so, though he was anxious for criticism. Finally, I let him send them in as mine, with the understanding that the secret should be proclaimed at the last meeting of the class. John would not let me tell any one, not even Milly, and she admired John's paintings and thought me a genius. That was the only reason she imagined she cared for me. But I could not paint; I told everybody so the last day at the exhibition. It was a good joke on some of the art critics. It did me good to see the sensation it raised. They had been bowing down and worshipping the studies and sketches when they thought I did them, and they could not quite take back their own rhapsodies on the very day that they were uttered; but if John had not bundled up his canvases then and there

and left the village, he would have found a decided change in opinion as to the merit of his paintings. I hate hypocrisy and toadyism and cant, and the consternation on the faces of some of those connoisseurs was delicious. I planned that scene from the first, and looked forward to to it."

"And was Milly Roseveldt at the studio at the time of the *dénouement?* Was this the reason she gave for giving you up?"

"No, she was not there, and she gave me no reason, as I have told you, except the general one that, on more intimate acquaintance, she had sized me up, and come to the conclusion that I would not do. And now, mother, for the twentieth time, I beg of you do not speak of her again. It only hurts me, and it's of no use—it's of no use."

Mrs. Fitz-Simmons saw that this was true, and she threw her arms about her son's neck and kissed him again and again. "I won't desert you, Stacey," she said, "whatever happens. Don't let this spoil your life. She isn't worthy of you."

"Oh, isn't she?" said Stacey bitterly. "Miss Roseveldt thinks differently. I'm not worthy

to serve her as a door-mat, according to her opinion. It's a comfort to think that every one may not feel as she does. No, I'm not going to spoil my life for her. She may be sorry for this, one of these days. I'll show her that I can amount to something without her, and be moderately happy too."

There was a tone in Stacey's voice that Mrs. Fitz-Simmons did not quite like; but she busied herself in getting him off to college, vainly hoping that absorption in his work would set everything right.

How strange that Milly's influence over him had not been for good! But Stacey had changed during that summer, and not for the better. What had he done that had shocked Milly? Mrs. Fitz-Simmons could not believe that it was only the matter of the sketches, and her mind clung to the idea of jealousy as being Milly's motive. "She loves him still," she reasoned. "Some girl has done this mischief." It was impossible, however, for her to satisfy herself on this point. The summer was ended, the class had broken up, and Mrs. Fitz-Simmons herself flitted from Southampton and joined the commodore at a foreign naval station.

Stacey's letters were few and far between, and she did not gather from them that he was too much preoccupied by his studies to excuse his remissness in writing. She could not make him out, and she was vaguely uneasy. If only he had been more confiding, more communicative, but he was as close as an oyster. Sometimes a cynical remark showed that he was not happy, that nothing was worth striving for. When she hinted her fears to the commodore, he pooh-poohed them. "Baby love—calf disappointment—puppy philosophy—a boy of twenty! He has lived through the measles, and he'll get through all this. It's a part of the teething process."

Mrs. Fitz-Simmons did not retort that there was more than one way of getting through infantine disorders, and that even measles had been known to have fatal results where the patient had not had proper care. She longed for her boy in his heartache and unrest, but she was married to the old commodore, not to Stacey, and the "whither thou goest I will go" had been pledged to her husband, not to her son. The boy must fight out his own battles.

There was too much good stuff in Stacey,

WATERY HOLLAND.

(From painting by Th. de Bock.)

too, for him to go utterly to the dogs, even in his misery. It was a part of his punishment that he recognized that Milly had right on her side. He had done wrong, he could only honor her high sense of right, and yet she might have forgiven him. If she had really loved him, he believed she would have done so. He was not as thoroughly bad in character as she believed him to be. He would show her yet—and yet would she ever believe or care if ever she came to know that she had been mistaken in him? Was it worth the effort? Was anything worth while now? His unhappiness made answer, No; but he kept steadily on, from mere force of habit. Habit takes the wheel sometimes in crucial moments, when the helmsman Reason is stricken down, and the great ship of character ploughs evenly along as though nothing had happened. The marks at the midyear's examination were good, there was no announcement of debt or request for extra money, and the old commodore pointed triumphantly to these incontestable facts as arguments that Stacey was all right.

The young man spent his vacation between his Junior and Senior year on a yachting cruise

with some friends, for his father and mother did not return to the United States until the following winter. The commodore was on leave, and they took a house in New York for the remainder of the season, that on which our story opens. Mrs. Fitz-Simmons was eager to have her son with her. He had run on from Cambridge and had met the ship on their arrival, but could not remain long, and they had no opportunity for confidences until a visit which he made her after the midyear examinations.

It was Stacey's coming of age, and Mrs. Fitz-Simmons had sent for him to spend his birthday at home. She had wished to give him a dance, but to this he had strenuously objected.

"I want my little mother," he had written, "but I shall fly the house if I find any other feminine flub-dub there." Mrs. Fitz-Simmons reflected on the ill success of her house party, and compromised by agreeing to invite a few of Stacey's men friends to dinner. She flew into his arms with ecstasy at the station, and was delighted to find that he had brought her a bunch of Mermet roses all the way from Boston. "You see," he said, as he gave them,

"I remembered your pet flowers." The poor things hung their heads in a very dejected and wilted condition. He could have bought fine specimens just around the corner from her own door, and he had forgotten that her favorite rose was the American Beauty. It was Milly who liked Mermets.

Stacey admired American Beauties too—they were the true Harvard color—but from long training in sending roses to Milly, he had come to take it for granted that all women liked Mermets, and only Mermets.

Mrs. Fitz-Simmons was relieved to see that he was looking finely. He had seemed to her, on their first meeting, older and graver, as suited with a reverend senior and a young man now his own master, but he had not grown thin, and there was no evidence of melancholia or mental aberration. She fancied they would have so much to talk about, and had rattled on inconsequently, as they drove home from the station, but it struck her that Stacey, although respectfully attentive, was not deeply interested. His father was in Washington, and Mrs. Fitz-Simmons read the commodore's last letter, which conveyed the news

that he might soon be ordered abroad, and if so would like to have his wife and Stacey join him in Europe after the latter's graduation. Stacey showed no enthusiasm over the prospect, and his mother could see that he was still unhappy, listless, and at odds with life. But Stacey, although affectionate, was uncommunicative. He talked with her at dinner about his studies, his views on determinism as deduced from philosophy, and on the best way to help the lower classes, as discussed in his class of social economics.

Mrs. Fitz-Simmons made a pretty gesture of despair. "Don't lecture me on such subjects," she said. "If you have taken up philanthropy as a fad, let Winnie De Witt expound her home for poor children to you. She makes herself a positive pestilence—talks every one to death on the subject. Such a pity, for she is really a very taking girl."

Stacey winced, and turned the conversation to decadent literature; but here he found his mother still less informed. She yawned behind her napkin, and he felt a little disappointed, for it seemed to him that there were few subjects on which they were sympathetic, while she

was longing for his confidence. That evening, as they were sitting cozily together beside the library fire, she boldly opened the attack. "Let me see, this is Thursday evening. To-morrow, Friday, is your birthday; and must you really go back on Saturday evening? It gives such a short time."

"That is true," Stacey replied, "but I have promised to hear a friend of mine preach on Sunday—he's a divinity student, awfully in earnest, and roped me in before I knew what I was about; but to-morrow and next day my time is all yours Parcel it out to suit yourself. I will do anything you want—anything, except to drop in at afternoon teas."

"I have nothing for you except the dinner to-morrow evening, and the theatre party afterward."

"Theatre party! That is a pleasant surprise. What play have you chosen, and what men have you invited?"

Mrs. Fitz Simmons ignored the question for the moment. "And, I had almost forgotten, on Saturday the Roseveldts sail for Europe, and I thought you would like to drive down to the wharf with me and see them off."

"On no conditions," Stacey replied quickly. "Nothing would induce me to do such a thing after the way Milly has treated me."

Mrs. Fitz-Simmons coughed. "Mrs. Roseveldt and I have seen a good deal of each other this winter, and she has been very polite. Did I write you that I attended a duplicate whist party at her house last month? I really owe her some attention. She sent me a *p. p. c.* card, too. I really think the least we can do—"

"Do what you like for yourself, mother, but don't count me in."

"Just as you like, but they will certainly think it very odd, now that they know you are in the city."

"How do they know it?"

"Well, one thing led to another in a very natural way. You know we had intended to have only men at your dinner, but when I invited Mr. Van Silver, who was down on the list you sent me, he replied that he must leave early, as he was to take his *fiancée*, Miss De Witt (I presume you know their engagement is announced), to see Irving and Terry that evening. That put the idea into my head of taking a box for the same performance, and all ad-

journing from the table to the theatre. Then it struck me that it was really rude to Miss De Witt not to include her in the dinner invitation, too, especially as you were so intimate at Southampton, and so—"

"And so you have invited *girls* to my dinner, after what I wrote you!"

"Yes, dear; but don't you see I could not help it?"

Stacey groaned. "Milly will take it as a direct insult that I have left her out, and I am sure I would not have her feel that I wished to take such a little, mean, spiteful revenge."

"She will feel nothing of the sort, for, of course, I invited her, too, for Miss De Witt is visiting at her house."

Stacey sprang to his feet and paced the room. "Of course she refused," he said, as he sat down again.

"I have received no refusal," Mrs. Fitz-Simmons remarked dryly.

"Worse yet if she has taken no notice of it."

"Mrs. Roseveldt replied for her daughter that Milly was away visiting her friend, Mrs. Professor Waite, *née* Adelaide Armstrong; that she expected her to return on Friday, and"—

there was a spice of triumph in Mrs. Fitz-Simmons's voice—"she had no doubt her daughter would be delighted to attend, and she had no hesitation in accepting for her!"

"That only proves that Mrs. Roseveldt knows nothing about it. Milly will not come."

"All the same, I dare not invite any other girl in her place, and you will have to hold yourself free to act as her escort."

Stacey laughed. "I am content to be free and unattached. My services will not be required."

"Are you in earnest, Stacey? Have you no confidences for me, no photograph of some nice girl to show me?" And Stacey replied with unmistakable frankness: "You are my only love, mother. There never will be any other nice girl for me. Since that summer at Southampton I have become a woman-hater."

"I wish you would tell me just what or who it was that made that trouble between you," Mrs. Fitz-Simmons persisted. "I have always been sure that, if the whole truth were known, Milly was not to blame."

"I never blamed her; the fault all lay with one individual—that fool, Stacey Fitz-Simmons.

It was he who made all the trouble and who has had to bear it;'' and Stacey's mother caught an expression of pain flash across his features, which told that he was not as indifferent as he had seemed. With a persistent belief in the infallibility of her own intuitions, Mrs. Fitz-Simmons was still convinced that some woman had made the trouble between Milly and Stacey. That Stacey blamed only himself merely showed how chivalrous he was. And then, of course, he must have been partly to blame. But whoever this marplot was, Mrs. Fitz-Simmons was certain that Stacey bitterly regretted any attention he had ever shown her, and that he had not seen her since that summer or desired ever to see her again.

"She is well out of the way, at any rate,'' Mrs. Fitz-Simmons mused with satisfaction. "Now, if I can only manage this meeting with Milly before she sails, I think I might almost hope for a reconciliation.''

Early the next morning, as Mrs. Fitz-Simmons was arranging some birthday gifts at Stacey's plate, at the breakfast-table, the footman handed her a special delivery letter for him. Mrs. Fitz-Simmons regarded it with some

curiosity. It was a girl's hand, that she decided at once, for the immature, awkward script was fine and delicate. The envelope was cheap and unfashionable, the postmark, of all places in the world, Hoboken. Who could be writing her son from that plebeian region? Some one well informed as to his movements, since his coming to New York had been hastily decided upon.

Mrs. Fitz-Simmons's curiosity deepened as she turned the letter over, and a temptation of the Evil One glided into her mind as she noticed that it was not sealed. A little careful fingering and the envelope was open. Should she read the letter? She ran up to her own room with it and locked the door. That very action meant that she had decided, and with the feeling that she was doing an unworthy thing she devoured the missive. It ran as follows:

"HOBOKEN.

"DEAR OLD FELLOW: I saw you yesterday in the station just as I got into New York. I was feeling awfully lonely, and wondering whether there was any one I knew in the whole city, when I caught sight of your back. You must

have been in the Pullman ahead of my car, and I never knew it. Just my luck! But I knew your back. That overcoat with the fur collar was too familiar for me to mistake it, and I made a dash for you. You had a dress-suit case and a swell stick in one hand, and a hat-box and a bunch of roses in the other. 'Just like him,' I said to myself. 'Who is the girl?' Then I ran after you as fast as I could; but it was of no use. She was there, waiting for you, among the first of the crowd, and it would have done any one (who wasn't jealous) good to see the way you dropped that hat-box, not minding that it flew open and that your collars were all scattered about, while you gathered that little woman into your arms and kissed her until her cheeks were as red as the velvet around her throat.

"Of course I couldn't interrupt a touching scene like that; so I waited while a footman in livery picked up your collars, and you handed him the hat-box, without noticing that I stood just behind, and then skipped after the little lady into an aristocratic carriage and drove away. I was angry then when it was too late. But I wasn't going to lose you that way; so I jumped

into a hansom and yelled to the driver to follow that carriage. Away we tore. You led me a chase, but we kept you in sight, and we turned off Fifth Avenue just as you and the pretty woman were going up the steps of a handsome mansion together.

"I made a note of the number, and saw by the Fitz-Simmons on the door-plate that it was your father's house. I was baffled again, for I knew you would not want to introduce me to your folks, and so I didn't leave a card or even pull the bell. I hope you'll give me credit for so much consideration of your feelings. But I hadn't taken all that trouble to find you just to lose you again, and that's why I have written. If you are the same fellow that I used to know, you will come to see me. I am to be at Meyer's Hotel until Saturday, when I sail for Antwerp on the Noordland. You will be glad to hear that, I know. You were awfully good to me, and I loved you more than any girl ever did or ever will love you. You made me forget the difference in our stations in life. You thought you did me a wrong, but you didn't mean to, and I would never have told. I heard afterward it made trouble with you and Miss

Roseveldt, and I wondered whether you hated me for it. I was really sorry, though I never liked her. Jealous again, I suppose. I know you liked me, and we had some happy times together until it was all found out. I wonder if we could ever be the same to one another again that we were that summer in Shinnecock. I used to think we might, over in Europe, in some out-of-the-way corner, where society wouldn't be watching your associates. I shall stay over there several years, and if you should decide to cross you must let me know. Come and see me anyway before I sail, or I'll not promise not to appear at your house, for I can't go away without a word from you, Stacey.

"Always gratefully yours,

"J. NASH."

Mrs. Fitz-Simmons was petrified. This, then, was the girl who by her own confession had caused the trouble between Milly and Stacey. An uneducated, common girl of the notion-counter order, of whose acquaintanceship Stacey was ashamed. That he was to blame, Stacey had admitted and this letter proved, and now, after nearly two years, the girl had crossed his

path again. Mrs. Fitz-Simmons stepped forward to drop the letter in the fire which burned in the grate, and then she hesitated, not as when she read the letter, from any feeling that she had not a right to do this thing—surely if she saw a serpent menacing her son, she would not wait to ask his permission to kill it—but she could not believe the evidence of her senses. This threat of appearing in her house, this boast of intimacy must be all a lie, which Stacey would indignantly resent, or a joke which he would laughingly explain. She could not destroy the letter and let the doubt eat into her heart like a canker; she must have Stacey's reassurance that there was nothing in it. And yet she could not bring herself to confess to him that she had read the letter, and to ask him to tell her what it meant. She stood for a moment uncertain, and then she sealed it very carefully. "I will watch his expression while he reads it," she said to herself, "and it will tell me all I want to know."

She returned to the dining-room, placed the letter under his plate, and seated herself behind the coffee-urn. Stacey entered the room in a few moments, kissed her, and took his seat

opposite. He noticed the presents at once. "What, another pipe, little mother, when I have ten already? You confirm me in my bad habits. That pearl-inlaid pipe-rack and the nargileh you sent me from Damascus are the envy of all the fellows. By the way, did I send you the jingle I wrote about my collection for the *Lampoon?*"

"No, dear; do you remember how it ran? Have you it with you? Could you run upstairs and get it?"

Now that she had left the letter, Mrs. Fitz-Simmons was in a fever to get it again and destroy it.

"No, I haven't it with me, but I think I can partly remember it. You know I like my brier the best of all my pipes, and the jingle ran something in this way:

"'Oh, flower of the brier,
With your heart all on fire,
How soothing the spell you evoke!
Of all pipes in my rack,
And I have a good stack,
You are the pipe that I smoke.

"'My meerschaum's brown bowl
Suggests a stained soul,
And I'm not fond of sermons myself.

Of my Delft porcelain
I'm uncommonly vain,
But the Dutchman's pipe rests on the shelf.

"'My corn-cob and clay,
Too plebeian are they,
And my calumet's only for show,
But my flower of the brier,
With its heart all on fire,
Goes with me wherever I go.'

"This is the longest fellow I ever saw; it beats my Turkish chibouk. Is it a Heidelberg *studenten* pipe?"

"It is Tyrolean," Mrs. Fitz-Simmons replied; "the little ornament at the base of the decorated bowl is of chamois horn."

Stacey laid aside the pipe and took up a small bank-book. "What is this, mother—five hundred dollars to my credit at the —— National Bank?"

"Yes, dear; you are of age, and this is a little money of my own which I have put absolutely at your disposal. Your father, as you know, will explain how he has invested the large amount which he has set aside as your property. It is drawing a very good interest, but he thinks you should use only the same

amount which he has always given you as an allowance, and let the balance accumulate until you wish to invest it in some business; so that, although you really come into considerable property to-day, your income in the way of ready money is not increased—that is, if you wish to please your father by taking his advice."

"Certainly, mother; my allowance has always been sufficient, and I am sure no reasonable young man ought to spend more on himself."

"That may be quite true, but young men are not always reasonable or good managers, and I thought this little fund, on which you could draw whenever you liked, might come in well this last year to pay any debts you may have contracted during your college course."

"I have no debts, mother; I have always paid each month as it went, and always laid aside money enough for the regular running expenses before I drew anything for pocket money."

"Well, that is very gratifying and quite remarkable. Father has told me how satisfactory your accounts have always been, but I

have thought that it must have occasionally been annoying to report to him every item; and, indeed, I don't see how you could well remember all."

"My entries for sundries were rather comprehensive in my early years, but that diary with its leaves for expenses, which I got into the way of carrying about with me, was a good thing, and I'm happy to say I am all square."

"In that case you will have a bank account to which you can go whenever you wish to make a present to yourself of any little luxury or pleasure which you might otherwise feel you could not or ought not to afford."

Stacey came around to his mother's side of the table and kissed her. "You dear little mother, how you do try to spoil me! Be it known, once for all, that I haven't a single unsatisfied desire that my allowance cannot gratify or that I would not willingly explain to father; so this money will lie in the bank and accumulate interest indefinitely. Don't look so disappointed; it may come in well in the far future, and it was very sweet and thoughtful of you to give it to me."

He turned to his seat, and his eye fell for the

first time on the mysterious letter. He gave a long, low whistle of surprise as he recognized the handwriting, tore open the envelope, glanced through it hastily, thrust it into an inner pocket, and became at once serious and silent.

Mrs. Fitz-Simmons tried to ask who the letter was from, but the words stuck in her throat. She poured his coffee, and watched him furtively as he ate rapidly, not noticing his food. Suddenly he consulted his watch. "Dear me, how late it is! Don't expect me to luncheon;" and he hurried into the hall and threw on his overcoat.

His mother followed him. "Are you going out in this pouring rain?"

"I must; I've several things to attend to. What time is the dinner to-night?"

"Seven; but you must dress, and I asked your friend, Dr. Van Silver, to come early. Shall I order the carriage?"

"All right. Good-by, dear. No, I won't take your coachman and the horses out in this weather. I'll just scud for the Sixth Avenue Elevated. Let me see, at what station does one get out to go to Hoboken? I'll be back as soon as I can. Good-by."

Mrs. Fitz-Simmons returned to the dining-room and sank into the nearest chair, deeply troubled, and afraid even to think. There was more in this matter than she had been willing to believe. Who was this girl who boasted such intimacy, who confessed her inferiority, who threatened to make herself known at Stacey's home, and who had such an influence over her son? Mrs. Fitz-Simmons drew herself together with a supreme effort. "I will not suspect Stacey," she said to herself. "No matter if he has been indiscreet in the past, I have his assurance that there is no one that he cares for now. He has gone to put an end to this creature's presumption."

CHAPTER III.

THE BIRTHDAY DINNER — AN UNEXPECTED LEAVE-TAKING.

STACEY returned early in the afternoon, and in response to his mother's inquiry announced that he had lunched with a "fellow he used to know." He thanked his mother when she handed him his birthday gifts, which he had carelessly left on the breakfast-table, and remarked with assumed carelessness, as he slipped the bank-book into his pocket, "I believe you said that this money was absolutely mine to do whatever I wish with."

"Absolutely, Stacey."

"And that I need render no account either to you or father of how I spend it."

Mrs. Fitz-Simmons's knees trembled. "You are your own master, Stacey; you need no longer render accounts except to your own conscience. We trust you implicitly."

He gave her a quick, grateful look, which almost reassured her.

"Thank you, mother; I shall try to be worthy of your confidence."

"Of course," Mrs. Fitz-Simmons added timidly, "it is always gratifying for me to feel that you tell me your affairs, and you will always find me interested and sympathetic, especially if you ever find yourself in trouble."

Stacey smiled. "I'll tell you quickly enough if ever I'm in trouble; at present things seem to be coming my way even more than I could wish."

He looked at his watch. "It is after banking hours," he said, "and not time yet to dress for dinner. It is too rainy to drive in the Park or to go out. What shall we do, little mother, to pass away the time?"

"Your clothing is damp, Stacey; go and

A Typical Landscape.

(From painting by F. J. du Chattel.)

dress now, and I will play for you, if you like, until our guests begin to arrive.''

When Stacey returned to the parlor, he uttered an exclamation of surprise. Mrs. Fitz-Simmons was in full dress. She wore an orchid-tinted velvet, and he thought he had never seen her look so beautiful. He said so admiringly. "And do you know, mother, that some one who saw us meet at the station thought you were my sweetheart, and did not make such a bad guess either, for so you are."

Mrs. Fitz-Simmons smiled, and seating herself at the piano, began to play and sing for him. Without being a skilled musician, she had a sympathetic voice, and she chose a number of tender old ballads, into which she threw great feeling.

"Don't, mother, don't,'' Stacey cried, as she sang "Kathleen Mavourneen.'' "I can't bear that—

"'It may be for years and it may be forever.'

No, indeed. It is hard enough to go away, as I must, to-morrow, but—

"'I'll come and see you in spite o' them a'.'

Sing that, please—it suits better with my present mood.''

"If I only knew," thought Mrs. Fitz-Simmons, "whether Stacey is thinking of me when he says that, or of Milly, or of that other girl."

She sang the song he had asked for, and he joined in it with a rollicking, reckless tone which she did not quite like. "And now that I have sung your song," she said, "you must listen to my favorite;" and she sang:

"'Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining,
Father in heaven, the day is declining;
Safety and innocence fly with the light,
Temptation and danger walk forth with the night.'"

Stacey's face dropped into his hands, and he listened quietly. He looked up at the close of the hymn. "You believe in me, don't you, mother?"

"I should be very wretched if I did not, Stacey."

"Well, that hymn doesn't sound exactly cheerful, and I want you to be happy, even if I am not. I know I'm not a very good fellow, but I am going to tell you something, mother."

Mrs. Fitz-Simmons's heart leaped up—the moment for entire confidence had arrived—at last her son would tell her everything; and at that instant the pompous butler threw open the

parlor door. "Miss Milly Roseveldt, Miss Winifred De Witt!"

Stacey sprang to his feet and darted forward.

"You, Milly! I did not believe you would come."

"Stacey! I did not know you were here."

"And so we owe your presence to that happy ignorance?" laughed Mrs. Fitz-Simmons, greeting Milly kindly. "So good of you both to come early! And here is Dr. Van Silver. We will have time for Miss De Witt to tell us all about the plans for the European tour before the others arrive."

They sat down together, and Mrs. Fitz-Simmons and Winnie kept the ball of conversation rolling merrily till the other guests dropped in one by one and dinner was announced. Mrs. Fitz-Simmons led the way to the dining-room, and the company paired off and followed. Stacey and Milly were left standing irresolutely. He bowed stiffly and offered his arm. Milly rested the tips of her gloved fingers upon it; she was too well bred to create a scene.

They found that they were to sit beside each other, but they scarcely spoke throughout the long dinner. Milly made an attempt to con-

verse with an old beau on her right; Stacey devoted himself to a *débutante* at his left. They might have been total strangers. Occasionally Stacey passed Milly the salted almonds, but he divided his time between the *débutante*, his plate, and scowling at his mother. Milly ate scarcely anything, and was plainly distraught, replying so vaguely to the ancient dandy's compliments that he set her down as extremely *gauche* and unaccustomed to society. Mrs. Fitz-Simmons now and then made a pleasant remark from across the table. She noticed the girl's embarrassment, and said to herself, "She loves him." Stacey noticed it, and thought, "She is boiling with rage; she is so angry that she cannot speak." We have already seen what construction the old beau placed upon her confusion, and none of them was right. Milly was simply too surprised to collect herself—surprised, first, at seeing Stacey at all; and, secondly, at finding him so very different from what she had imagined. She had told herself that he would change, deteriorate, that a soul that had once become blunted in its judgment of a moral question must rapidly lose its grasp of everything good and noble

and become a wreck ; and here was an erect, intellectual-appearing young man, with clear, honest eyes that met her own faltering ones with something of defiance, it was true, but frankly and fearlessly. His clean-shaven face was clear-cut, a trifle thinner, and much stronger than formerly. His voice was clear and pleasant. He was talking very ably to that chit about the Venezuelan question and the Monroe Doctrine. Why could not men gauge the capacity of their hearers a little more accurately ? The old beau had just asked her if she had attended the Patriarch's ball, and Milly, with some vague recollection of a Lenten course of study on the Patriarchal period to which she had been invited, replied that she was very deficient in church history. The old beau stared, then laughed. "Oh, a joke, I presume ! You young ladies are so witty, one never knows whether you mean a thing in sober earnest or are just saying it for the sake of *repertoire.*"

"For the sake of—what ?"

"*Repertoire*—something not to be taken quite in its *literary* sense, don't you know. Very funny, I'm sure ;" and he cackled inanely.

After that Milly was silent from pure disgust,

as well as from interest in the conversation going on at her left. At length the interminable meal was at an end, the carriages were announced, and the girls hurried to the dressing-room for their wraps. Stacey seized the opportunity to say to his mother: "Make some one else escort Miss Roseveldt; you saw how she treated me."

"I noticed how you treated her. Atone for your rudeness if you can."

The girls trooped down the staircase, and the arrangement at dinner was evidently understood to be that for the entire evening, for Stacey, who stood back, saw Milly standing alone, and heard the butler calling: "Last carriage, Mr. Stacey." His mother had paid no attention to his request; there was no other way but to accept the situation. He hastily handed Milly to the carriage, where they found the old beau already ensconced with a clever woman, with whom he was engaged in animated conversation in regard to esoteric Buddhism. "There is certainly more in it than we realize," said the clever woman. "It may seem absurd to you that an adept can leave his natural body in one place and travel about in his astral body, appearing to

friends in a distant land, but the fact has been proved, and stranger things still. It all depends upon whether one's will is strong enough to conquer material obstructions—

> " ' Stone walls do not a prison make
> Nor iron bars a cage '

to a soul whose fancy is free to soar beyond them. Where the desires, the thought, the heart are, there is the soul, and the body is only an inert mass, a bit of luggage, which can be left till called for, if it is not convenient to take it with you."

Milly was a trifle mystified, but Stacey assented. "I know that to be true from experience in a certain sense," he said. "All the past winter my physical self has been studying at Harvard, but my thoughts have been otherwhere. It hasn't given me any satisfaction, however, for either my astral body is so very immaterial that no one can see it, or else the person whom I would most have desired to impress has been so indifferent that she has not been conscious of its presence. I am afraid I'm not an adept, after all, for though I am frequently out of my head, and always more or

less out of heart and out of pocket, I am never entirely out of my body."

The clever young woman, who had looked upon him at first as an encouraging inquirer, decided that he was a very flippant young man, and addressed her conversation thereafter to the old beau.

In the box at the theatre, Stacey was seated behind Milly, and was cut off from conversing with any one else. They were practically alone, for the others were in the front chairs, and he began to talk to her of her projected trip. Milly replied enthusiastically, and Stacey looked at her fairly for the first time. How pretty she was! Just the same Milly, with the fluffy blond hair breaking into wilful little curls all over her dainty head. Her hand, it struck him, was smaller than ever, but that turquoise necklace had the same way of nestling into dimples and playing hide-and-seek under the chiffon. Stacey appeared to be listening intently, but he had not comprehended a word. His mother smiled and nodded at him, they seemed to be getting on so well together. A realization of what he had lost came over Stacey, and his heart was very bitter. They might

have been sitting in exactly the same way, to all outward seeming, and yet with such different feelings toward each other. And yet, he realized it now, he could not have loved her more, whatever the understanding between them, only now he was in torture. Surely his punishment was greater than he could bear. He had a wild idea of telling her so then and there, but he restrained himself. The others turned occasionally to make a remark on the play. There was no opportunity ; and if there were, where was the use ?

" And so you see," said Milly, " we are going to bury ourselves in this little village of Laren and work very seriously, with no society or anything else to interrupt."

" Where is Laren ?"

" Why, I just explained—only a few miles from Amsterdam. It is an artist colony, something like Shinnecock."

Stacey winced, and Milly was sorry she had referred to the art village. And Milly chatted on or was silent and listened to the play, and Stacey listened neither to the actors nor to her, but thought and thought, devouring her with his eyes. As he wrapped her white opera cloak

around her when the play was over, he said: "I remember this dress; you wore it at the ball at the Meadow Club, the night after we were becalmed out on the bay."

"You have a good memory, but it is scarcely polite to remind one that one is wearing an old gown."

"It is charming, and as fresh as if it had just come from the modiste's. I don't believe you've had it on since."

"Nor have I."

"Did you wear it just to see if I would recognize— No, of course not. You need not look so indignant. You said you did not know that I was at home."

"Do you doubt my word?"

"Certainly not. You would not have come if you had, though it cannot make much difference to you whether I am present or not, for you have hardly been conscious of my presence all the evening; while I— No, there is no truth in esoteric Buddhism, or you would have seen my ghost following you ever since you left Shinnecock. Since then I have lived a double life. I have known that I was mechanically bending over my desk translating the classics,

and all the time I was talking to you. Have you never seen or heard me begging you to forgive me, to be friends again? No, I shall go on following you, and you will never see me, for such ghosts are only seen by the heart."

They were standing on the pavement. Stacey had just sent a call-boy to look up the carriage, and they had stepped outside the awning to allow others to pass.

"No, Milly," he said, very deliberately, as though replying to some word of hers, "I don't want to be friends with you. If we can't be anything more than that I must never see you again, for I love you so, that seeing you drives me mad."

"Seven hundred and eleven!" yelled the call-boy. "Here you are, sir. Where's that other party? Guess they've give up waiting and took the cable."

Stacey helped Milly into the carriage. The call-boy was right, the other couple had gone. "Shall I ride home with you, Milly, and talk it over?"

"If it may be friendship only, Stacey."

He closed the carriage-door without a word. The driver was his mother's old coachman, and

Milly was quite safe alone. "Take Miss Roseveldt to her house, James. I shall walk home."

Mrs. Fitz-Simmons eyed Stacey curiously when he appeared at breakfast. It was the great mistake between these two that they did not confide in each other implicitly. They loved each other intensely, and Mrs. Fitz-Simmons made shrewd guesses as to her son's desires and fancies, and devoted herself to forwarding them, but she sometimes made mistakes, and she was scheming, and little, and not quite straightforward; and Stacey was reticent and had no high opinion of her judgment or her capability for keeping a secret; they lived with a veil between them, and so what wonder that they sometimes worked at cross purposes. She could not make him out now. One thing she knew, he had not slept all night. His light had been burning, and she had smelled tobacco-smoke. When awakened at three o'clock by his steady tramp, tramp overhead, she had slipped on a wrapper and gone upstairs to listen at his door, but it was like her that she did not go in.

At breakfast he seemed to be under the influence of some intense excitement, but Mrs. Fitz-Simmons pretended not to notice it.

"The Noordland sails at noon. I have ordered the carriage for eleven," she said. "That will give us plenty of time to drive over comfortably, and not too much to stand about. One never knows what to say or to do on such occasions, and the briefer the leave-taking the better when it is a public one. That hour will suit you, will it not? And you would better pack your things and have them all ready to take when you return, and then we will be perfectly free to do whatever we please until nearly train time."

"Yes, I will pack certainly; but you must not wait for me, as I have some errands to do this morning."

"And you will meet me at the steamer?"

"No—I mean yes, but I may be late; perhaps may not be able to get there at all. Is my plush carriage robe that I used to have at Southampton anywhere convenient? If so, I would like it."

"You will find it on the lounge in the library, but I do not need it, and it would make a pretty cover for your window divan. By the way, Stacey, don't fail to get to the steamer on time, and bring some Mermet roses. Remember, *my* favorites—Mermets."

Stacey was rolling the blanket into as small a compass as possible, and straining hard at the shawl-strap. He deposited it on the hat-rack and ran upstairs. Presently he clattered down, singing "Kathleen Mavourneen."

"'It may be for years and it may be forever.' Good-by, little mother, I'm off."

The front door banged. A strange, vague fear made Mrs. Fitz-Simmons spring up and run after him. "Why did he sing that song? Pshaw! it was foolishness." She ordered the carriage a little earlier than the hour she had mentioned, for she decided that as Stacey was not with her she would do a few errands on the way. As she stood in the hall she observed that the plush lap-robe was not on the hat-rack. What had become of it? She was sure that she had noticed it there after Stacey had gone upstairs, and no one but Stacey had passed through the hall since. Why had he taken it with him?

She drove first to the bank where she had deposited for years. The paying teller was an old acquaintance, an officious little man who knew everybody's business, and liked to proclaim his knowledge.

"Ah, Mrs. Fitz-Simmons, how did your son

like his birthday present? Though there is no need to ask that. The dear boy was here this morning and cashed half the account. He lost no time, you see." Mrs. Fitz-Simmons's blank look of amazement frightened him. "Though, of course, you know all about it, and it was the young man's own to do what he chose with, only at this gait of going it won't last long. These young fellows have no idea of putting anything aside. They leave that for us."

"You are positive that my son drew out a large sum this morning?" Mrs. Fitz-Simmons asked.

The teller consulted an account-book. "Two hundred dollars. Some little debt, I presume, at Harvard. They all have 'em. Bless your soul, every young man must have his fling."

Mrs. Fitz-Simmons turned her back abruptly. She would not let this man see her trouble. But in her emotion she could not tell her coachman from what dock the Noordland sailed.

"Drive to Low's Steamer Agency," she said. "It is just round on Broadway. We will ascertain there."

The agent was all smiles. "No wonder you

could not think with your son's leave-taking on your mind. Red Star Line, Pier 14, North River. Your son was here not an hour ago, and succeeded in getting a stateroom that pleased him. He was very lucky, for it doesn't do to leave buying one's ticket until the date of sailing. Only one chance in a thousand that things would have turned out as they did, and a good outside cabin be given up at the last minute."

Mrs. Fitz-Simmons listened with increasing dismay. "My son bought a ticket for Antwerp this morning?" she repeated, in a dazed way. "You must be mistaken."

"Oh, no mistake, I assure you, though, as I was saying, it came near being one. The Roseveldt party sail on the same steamer. I presume you know. I told your son, but saw he was already informed of the fact. They will be congenial, I am sure."

Mrs. Fitz-Simmons tottered to her carriage. Stacey going to Europe without saying a word to her? What could it mean, and in the middle of his last college year? Had his love for Milly so turned his head that he was absolutely insane? She trembled so that she could scarcely

give the order, "Pier 14, North River, and drive fast, James—drive fast!"

Then, as she lay back in her luxurious carriage, the thought came to her, "That Nash girl wrote that she too was to sail on the Noordland!" The realization came with such a sudden shock that she fainted. When James drew rein at the pier no one alighted. The coachman grew frightened, and asked a policeman to open the door.

"The lady's dead," said the man in buttons—"dead or fainted. Sure, this is no place for her in aythe emergency; it's a hospital you want for one, and the simiterry for the other; and, in the mane time, drive to the drug-store on the corner beyant; perhaps they can fix her."

The druggist succeeded in bringing her to consciousness, and her first words were, "Has the Noordland sailed?"

"Not yet, but you've scant time. Drive back to the pier at once, and you may make it."

As Mrs. Fitz-Simmons alighted the ship started forward, and a farewell cheer rose from the crowd. She rushed forward, but it was too late, the steamer was slipping out of the

dock into the open water. On deck—she could see them plainly—were Milly Roseveldt and Winnie waving bunches of roses to Mr. Van Silver, who stood on a packing-box on the pier. Just beyond the girls, frantically waving his stick, to which was tied a crimson silk handkerchief, was a young man. Her eyes were dim, her brain reeled, and she could not see his features. Was it Stacey? It must be, for she recognized the overcoat with the broad fur collar and cuffs. Perhaps he was not sorry that the wind blew the handkerchief across his face.

No one who had seen Mrs. Fitz-Simmons in her brilliant velvet dress the night before would have recognized this old woman with the blanched, haggard face. She had grown old in a few hours through intense mental suffering, for

> "There is naught on earth more miserable
> Than she that hath a son and sees him err."

CHAPTER IV.

THE MYSTERIOUS PASSENGER.

EVERYTHING was bright and inspiring and the girls were in high spirits as the ship steamed down the bay. The statue of Liberty seemed to wave them a good-by with her torch, and Staten Island looked her loveliest. But soon after Coney Island dropped below the horizon a stiff breeze sprang up, and all of the party except Milly very wisely sought "the seclusion which the cabin grants."

Milly, over-confident in herself as an "old sailor," had her steamer-chair lashed to the

rail, and resolutely fixed her eyes on her novel, quite sure that she was not going to be ill. One after another the other ladies descended in a more or less limp condition, but Milly remained as obstinate as Casabianca. It was true that the novel had lost its interest, that the ship rolled frightfully, that she felt dizzy and faint, and that, though she told herself resolutely that she was not sick *yet*, still she was sure she would be if she attempted to go down or to change her position in the least. Where was the deck steward? She called him feebly, and a young man standing not far away started in search of him. Something familiar in the shape of the man's back or in the cut of his overcoat struck her as he strode away, but she was too inert to think of it. Presently the steward appeared and thrust a bowl of steaming bouillon under her nose. That was too much, and Milly was ill in earnest. She lay back in her steamer-chair spent and shuddering, but still unwilling to go down to the close atmosphere of the cabin.

"You're a plucky girl," said the steward; "and, generally speaking, I should say you were better off here, for the air is better; but

there is a bit of a squall coming up, and you'd better let me assist you down."

Milly shook her head feebly. "Wait till I feel better."

"All right, mum; I'll be round again in a few minutes."

Milly lay perfectly still. What was this deadly feeling? How was it possible that she *could* be ill again? She lay with her eyes closed, uttering no word. Presently she felt herself being tucked in. "Steward," she gasped faintly, "if you can carry me, I'll go downstairs. Stateroom 30."

Instantly she was lifted in a pair of strong arms, and through her faintness and misery came the startling realization that this was not the steward; but she was too helpless to protest, too certain that if she lifted her head a horrible paroxysm would ensue, and so she only murmured, "Quick! quick!" and tried to stifle back for a moment the nausea to which she knew now she must succumb. Pride is a great aid to self-control, and Milly reached her stateroom with no mortifying mishap, but she kept her berth for several days.

The others all crept on deck before her, but

Milly clung to a sofa in the ladies' cabin even after she was quite able to walk. A realization of her adventure had come to her, and she was overwhelmed with shame and indignation. She related the experience to Winnie, much to the latter's amusement. "I don't see how you *can* laugh!" Milly replied indignantly. "To me the thought is simply loathsome. I am so thankful that I did not open my eyes, that I did not look at his face, and haven't the least idea who he is, for I could never endure to speak to him again. But, then, when you come to think of it, it makes it all the worse, for he may be *any one*, and I am compelled not to speak to a single man during the entire voyage. Yes, that is the only way, and it is my fixed determination. Just imagine him laughing as you are now at his memory of my condition. Oh, I never can endure it!"

Winnie became serious at once. "I don't believe he is laughing. If he were that kind of a man he would have done so then instead of springing to help you. It strikes me as a very kind act. Certainly you could not have been a very attractive object. I think you ought to be more grateful."

"I am not. He had no business to intrude his attentions when I was too sick to resent them. He should have called the steward. I think he was simply abominable. It was the most impudent thing I ever heard of, and he never so much as asked my permission, but went about the matter as coolly and professionally as if he were a physician whom I had sent for."

"Perhaps he is a doctor. In that case his interest is perfectly natural. You were a case, that's all; and he was simply interested in you from a professional standpoint."

"Oh, I hope it is so. Do look over the list of passengers, and see whether there are any doctors on board."

"Four of them; so it's quite likely. Mark my words, he will prove to be one, and will send you in a little bill before the voyage is over."

Milly was much comforted. "What are the names of the doctors?" she asked.

"Jones and Tompkins and—of all remarkable coincidences, Piet Van Pieterzoon, Amsterdam. Where have I heard that name before?"

"I don't know. I'm sure I never heard it. I hope it is Dr. Van What's-his-name, and that he doesn't know a word of English. That doesn't seem unlikely, for now I think of it, he never said a word to me. That's a little odd, isn't it?"

"It seems to me quite respectful. You certainly would not have wanted to carry on a conversation under the circumstances. But this Piet Van Pieterzoon is not a physician. I simply said his name had a very familiar sound. I suppose I must have met a Mr. Van Pieterzoon somewhere. If so, we will probably recognize each other. Come, let us go on deck, for it is a glorious day."

Two days passed, and the physician, if it was one who had waited on Milly, did not appear to ask after his patient, nor did Winnie recognize among the passengers any familiar face which might belong to the mysterious Van Pieterzoon. Dr. Tompkins was introduced to them later on. He was a little man, who confessed that he had kept his stateroom from the hour that he came on board. Even before they made this discovery Milly knew that he was not the man.

"He couldn't have carried me a yard," she explained to Winnie.

"After all, it may have been the steward who carried you down. How do you know it wasn't, if your eyes were closed?"

"His overcoat had a fur collar. The fur tickled my ear," Milly replied, with a blush.

"Ah! then we have a clew. We will investigate all the fur-trimmed overcoats."

"Don't, Winnie. Haven't I told you that I particularly do *not* want to know the man?"

"Not even if he is a doctor?"

"He is not a doctor."

"How do you know?"

"His overcoat would have smelled of ether or carbolic or something dreadful, and there was nothing but tobacco—good cigars, such as Stacey used."

"It seems to me you made pretty good use of your senses for a sick girl."

"I neither heard nor saw, but my very illness made my sense of smell more acute."

"Well, you may not care to know," thought Winnie, "but I am curious, and shall look out for a cloud of smoke fluttering over a fur-trimmed overcoat."

That very afternoon she experienced a shock. As she was tramping resolutely up and down, taking her constitutional, she noticed a man, seated on a camp-stool far aft, sketching. He sat with his back to her, but her first impression was that it was Stacey Fitz-Simmons. She was on the point of walking straight to the sketcher, when the absurdity of the idea restrained her.

It was utterly impossible that this could be Stacey, for she had bidden him good-by on the evening of the theatre party, and his name was not on the list of passengers. She turned reluctantly and continued her walk, but when she seated herself by Milly's side she told her of her impression, laughing at it as quite a joke. Milly looked startled and serious. She was profoundly puzzled, and the next day something occurred which was, to say the least, very remarkable. Milly was dozing in her steamer-chair, Winnie engaged in a game of shuffleboard in another part of the ship, and Mrs. Roseveldt had not come on deck, for there was a good deal of wind. The motion did not affect Milly unpleasantly now, it simply made her drowsy and rocked her off to sleep. The

wind played with her wraps, fluttered her veil aside, and rippled her flaxen curls. A young man pacing the deck glanced at her with more than ordinary interest each time that he passed. He was thinking, "How I would like to sit down and make a sketch of her, but she would never forgive me! No, it won't do."

A gust of wind a little stronger than the others tore off the Scotch shawl, which was thrown over Milly's lap, and blew it along the deck. The young man saw it as he turned and made a dash forward, but the wind was quicker than he, and the shawl slipped like a thing of life under the railing and dropped on to the steerage deck.

The young man hurried down the companion-way, in the hope of recovering it, but it was nowhere to be found. Either it had been blown into the sea, or some nimble steerage passenger had seen the prize and secured it. There was no one on that side of the deck whom he could question. He returned to Milly. She was still sleeping, and he did not think best to awaken her. "But she will take cold," he said to himself. "How fortunate that this overcoat is so long and heavy that I do not need a lap-robe!"

Hastening to his stateroom, he again returned with a handsome plush carriage-robe, which he carefully tucked about the half-unconscious girl. "Thank you," she sleepily murmured, thinking that the deck steward was securing her wraps. The young man tiptoed quietly away and returned no more; and Milly, when she awaked, regarded her comfortable covering with the utmost astonishment. The steward appearing, she questioned him, and a snappish young woman, who had witnessed the episode, volunteered a partial explanation.

"Yours blew overboard, and your friend, that gentleman who is in your party, wrapped you up," she said.

"But there is no gentleman in our party."

"No? Well, I'm sure you know who I mean, for it is the same young man whom you let carry you downstairs the first day out."

Milly colored with indignation, but she could not explain. She leaned back in her chair and thought. The only thing to be done seemed to be to leave the robe in the care of the steward, if the owner did not appear to claim it. In the mean time it was very comfortable, and as she nestled in its luxurious folds and noticed

the beautiful shading of its leonine coloring, a vague sense of familiarity struck her. Suddenly the remembrance came to her that she had had a rug like this about her when she drove with Stacey, on that windy day, from Southampton to the Golf Club on the Shinnecock Downs.

"Nonsense!" she said to herself. "Of course they turn out robes of the same color and pattern by the wholesale from the factories, and the prettier and more popular, of course, the more of them are made."

Winnie came up glowing with exercise and excitement. "I've found out who he is!" she exclaimed. "He was introduced to me by the captain, and we played shuffleboard together against the captain and Mrs. Archer. You know she has been the ship's champion, and we beat them, too. But I can't tell even now why his name seemed so familiar, for I never set eyes on him before."

"You mean that his conduct was familiar, for we did not know his name. What is it? I will return his rug immediately."

"Why, Van Pieterzoon, of course. Is that his rug? How did you get it?"

"He wrapped it around me not an hour ago."

"Impossible. I tell you he has been playing shuffleboard with me all the morning."

"Then we are not talking about the same person. Why did you say his name was Van Pieterzoon?"

"Because it is. He is a nice old Dutch cocoa merchant, but very active in spite of his age and his avoirdupois. He speaks English perfectly, but with the most delicious accent. He has been a great traveller; has been to China, and makes the voyage to his cocoa plantations in the Dutch West Indies every few years. You know, we ascertained from the ship's list that he lives in Amsterdam. Now, how did you happen to get his lap-robe?"

Milly made a gesture of impatience. "It isn't his. I don't care anything about your Van Prettysoons. I thought you meant—my mysterious doctor."

"Oh! Has he been around again? Well, I must say, Milly Roseveldt, that I think matters are progressing pretty fast if you allow this complete stranger, this man of whose very name you have not the least idea, to tuck you up in his steamer-rug."

"Hush!" entreated Milly. "I couldn't help it; I was asleep."

Winnie laughed. "He has a miraculous way of availing himself of your moments of necessity and unconsciousness. There is something positively uncanny about this. You must not be left alone an instant. I propose to chaperone you most strictly for the remainder of the voyage."

"Do, please, for it certainly is very funny."

Mrs. Roseveldt, on hearing a report of the occurrences, did not agree with her daughter. To her the young man's behavior was not "funny," but unpardonably impertinent. She insisted that the lap-robe should be immediately discarded and hung over the companion-way, where it could be claimed by its owner. Milly meekly obeyed, but as she was folding it a ribbon, stitched to one corner and embroidered with the name of the owner, caught her eye. It was Stacey Fitz-Simmons!

It was a little remarkable that Milly, who was usually very confiding, and ready to go to her friends for sympathy and advice—so much so, that it was commonly reported among them that Milly was a chameleon, taking the color

of her views from her friends, as the little animal is supposed to do from surrounding objects —that Milly, who loved to share her secrets, her hopes, and her fears with Winnie, in order that she might be petted or scolded, pitied or congratulated, said nothing whatever of this remarkable discovery either to her mother or Winnie. And yet she believed that Stacey had come on her account, and she thought it very strange that he had not approached them openly. "He will surely do so soon," she thought. "He is waiting to be sure that I am no longer seasick." But as the days went on and Stacey did not appear, his conduct seemed to her still more mysterious. Not that he did not speak to her, that was explainable by the supposition that he had accepted her dismissal as final, and had not taken this trip with any reference to her. But why should he be in hiding? Why did not his name appear on the list of passengers? Was he running away? Why had he not told her at the dinner that he was going to Europe? It was all very strange, and it troubled her exceedingly. Occasionally she caught a glimpse of the fur-trimmed overcoat at a distance, usually on that part of the

deck reserved for the second-class passengers, though its wearer must have gone there from choice, as she had seen him several times on their own deck, where the second-class were not allowed. Once she passed him when he was lying half-hidden away behind the life-boats. He had found and appropriated his lap-robe. She recognized it as she approached him from behind, but he heard her step and pulled his cap well down over his face, feigning sleep as she passed. Evidently he was trying to escape observation. She never saw him at table or in the smoking-room, which he would naturally have haunted, or chatting with the ladies, which was certainly strangest of all. He was usually drawing in a little sketch-book, and twice she had noticed him walking with a poorly dressed girl, who wore a dark-red worsted hood. She found herself observing this girl very closely after that. She appeared to be travelling alone, and was quiet and well-behaved, but not such a girl as she would have thought could have interested Stacey.

Meantime, Mr. Van Pieterzoon had been introduced to Mrs. Roseveldt and Milly, and had proved to be a very interesting, kindly man.

He was a good story-teller, not so silent and phlegmatic as she had imagined all Dutchmen to be. He told them of his travels, and later on, as they became better acquainted, even of his family affairs. He was married, but had no sons, only daughters. It was the grief of his life, he told them, that he had no boy, whom he could educate as a physician. That had been his dream, his fondest desire.

"But why so," Mrs. Roseveldt asked, "since you are not a doctor?"

"There are grave family reasons," he replied, "why this would have been desirable. A remote ancestor left a curious will. One of the provisions was to the effect that there should always be a descendant of his in the practice of medicine who had studied at the University of Leyden, and failing this, that his fortune, which he left so entailed that its income only could be used by his heirs, should become the property of a Leyden orphanage. The fund left by our ancestor has been so well invested that the income is sufficient to keep every member of the family in affluence, and until last year, when the last Dr. Van Pieterzoon died, we have been able to comply with the conditions of the

will. Now, however, there is not only no physician in our family, but there are no young men willing to study medicine. I have been to the Surinam, hoping to find the required young man in a branch of our family settled there, but they seem to have only girls in this generation. And now a very strong hope is blasted, for I am returning from a vain effort to trace the family in America. We know that some relatives emigrated with the earliest Dutch settlers of New Amsterdam, but I cannot find the name in New York or any trace of its having ever existed there."

"And yet," Winnie replied, musingly, "it is strangely familiar to me. I have certainly heard it somewhere."

"Are you sure of this?" Mr. Van Pieterzoon asked eagerly. "Ah, if you could only furnish the information of which we are in search! But the young man must be produced and become a regularly enrolled student of the university this autumn or the fortune will be forfeited. We have a young cousin, Lieutenant Dirk Van Pieterzoon, in the Belgian cavalry, whom I shall still approach; but the stipend which he receives from the legacy is, I fear,

not enough to induce him to resign his position in the army, with all its social associations and hope of glory. Still, it is worth while for the rest of us to pool a handsome sum, and make it to his interest to help us."

"This is all very interesting," said Winnie; "and if I were only at home, I believe I could help you."

"How would you go about it?"

"I would ask one of my friends, who is a member of the Colonial Dames, to look up the name. I think it may be found in some of the genealogical records of the society or in the State records at Albany."

The Dutchman shook his head incredulously; but Winnie wrote a long and enthusiastic letter to Van, urging him to investigate the matter. This letter she posted on their arrival at Antwerp, but it would be a fortnight before she could receive a reply, and even then it was not likely that he could answer her questions without long search.

How beautiful was the sail up the Scheldt! The ship left the tumultuous ocean, and entered the peaceful river in the early morning. Winnie and Milly had asked the stewardess to call

them at two o'clock, and the stars were shining through the gray of early morning twilight as they went on deck. Then the first flush of dawn tinted the eastern horizon with a faint blush of rose, and yellow and greenish glints mounted into the gray. It was entrancing and fairy-like. The silver mists hung low, hiding the banks with long scarfs of pearly gauze, which broke and lifted as the light grew stronger, very much as the transformation scenes in a theatre are shifted, and one veil of gauze after another unrolls to show the grand effect. The sun rolled up a crimson ball, reflected in the water, and seemingly tossing and falling, in uncertainty whether to actually rise or to set once more. "Glorious! glorious!" Milly exclaimed, but Winnie shivered in the damp breeze and ran below for a wrap. There was only one other person on deck, a man standing far forward, like a ship's figurehead. Neither Milly nor he had noticed each other, so absorbed were both in the wondrous beauty of the scene. Presently the man turned and walked down the deck, passing behind Milly, who was leaning on the rail, quite unconscious of his proximity, until he held a field-glass in

front of her, saying, "If you will use this you can see the spire of Antwerp Cathedral."

Milly did not recognize the voice, and replying "Thank you," was about to take the glass, when she noticed that the hand that held it issued from a fur-trimmed cuff. She did not turn, but added hastily and coldly, "I never use a glass!" The hand was immediately withdrawn, and its owner passed on. Milly reproached herself for not facing Stacey and speaking more courteously, but it was too late.

Winnie returned a moment later, all excitement. "Whom do you suppose I met just now?"

"Stacey?" Milly asked, with an effort to keep the tremor out of her voice.

"No; Stacey's valet at Shinnecock. What was his name?"

"John Nash. Did you ask him if Stacey is on board?"

"No; I was so surprised, and I could not quite place him on the instant, so I simply nodded. Oh, look! look! There are dykes with the roofs of houses just showing above

them. The houses themselves must be on land lower than the river. And there is Antwerp! And now America and all its interests have faded out, and our new life begins!"

CHAPTER V.

ANTWERP.

ANTWERP is a fascinating old city, quite worthy of being the gateway to the Netherlands. The girls felt its charm as soon as they saw its noble Gothic cathedral spire and heard its joyous chimes. That spire was like a magnet to the vision. They could never tire of observing it in new combinations with the quaint, huddling, stepped gables and dormered roofs, and they could never wander where they could not hear the carillon. Every fifteen minutes its notes floated down to them, with a more complete tune each hour; at times

"Most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times,
With their strange, unearthly changes, rang the melancholy chimes;
Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in the choir;
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a friar."

Oftener the music was not solemn, but some gay and lilting strain from some opera, to which the children danced in the streets. The making of these chimes was carried to astonishing perfection in the Netherlands, and they were ordered for the principal cathedrals of other countries. It is related that Don Joao V., King of Portugal, having ordered a set for the convent of Mafra, the Dutch manufacturers declined to furnish them, for fear the kingdom could not bear the expense. Whereupon the king, stung to the quick, wrote back that he had no idea they were so cheap, and would therefore take two sets and pay for them in advance.

The interior of the cathedral exercised a particular charm over Winnie. She stood spellbound before Rubens's masterpieces, "The Descent from the Cross," "The Raising of the Cross," and the "Assumption." Milly loved

to wander about, quietly enjoying the rich wood-carving, the mellow light slanting through the magnificent stained-glass windows through clouds of incense, the lofty arches, and the quiet worshippers.

They visited the old prison of the Steen, now a most interesting museum of antiquities, and the Plantin Museum. This is one of the best preserved and appointed of mediæval houses, the house of a wealthy printer and book publisher, Christopher Plantin, who carried on his business in one part of the building in 1579, and lived in great luxury in apartments under the same roof. The building, with its antique furniture, its ninety family portraits—fourteen by Rubens and two by Vandyke—its collections of old proof-sheets, first impressions, engravings, examples of old and rare prints and books, and many other objects connected with printing, was purchased by the city, after having been used by the family as printing-house and dwelling for several generations. The house is built around a central court, which is itself a beautiful feature, with its cloistered arches and luxuriant ancient vine. Around the court, fascinating rooms, with floors on a great variety of

levels, lead one about in a labyrinth delightfully mystifying. The two girls played hide-and-seek with one another and themselves, discovering new tapestried chambers with every turn, or tiny rooms hung with the beautiful embossed and gilded leather for which mediæval Holland and Belgium are so famous.

The Picture Gallery of Antwerp, with its priceless collection of old masters, was another of their favorite haunts, and here they had an opportunity of comparing the two great masters, Rubens and Vandyke. While their wonder daily grew at Rubens's marvellous fertility of invention, his daring imagination, his mastery of anatomy and of sumptuous color, and the immense amount of work which he accomplished, even when due allowance is made for the assistance of his pupils, their admiration was still more enchained by Vandyke's refinement, both in color and in character. Milly decided that he must have been very happy in his sitters. "Only noble ladies and gentlemen seem ever to have sat for him," she remarked. But Winnie asserted that Vandyke gave to his portraits something of his own distinction of soul.

"I don't believe Vandyke could paint a face without idealizing it, without bringing to the surface all that was latent and suggested in the direction of the man's best, and when he had no best, endowing him with some nobility which would have become him."

Winnie had a poor memory for dates, and for future reference jotted in her note-book the years of birth and death of the four artists whose masterpieces she most admired:

Rubens,	born	1577,	died	1640.
Vandyke,	"	1599,	"	1641.
Frans Hals,	"	1580,	"	1666.
Rembrandt,	"	1606,	"	1669.

To these Winnie added two dates: 1567, the year the Spanish troops entered Holland, the beginning of that long contest of forty-one years, to the twelve years' truce, and twenty-seven years more to 1648, when Spain, being thoroughly beaten, peace was solemnly declared. It was interesting to note that all the four artists were born during the war, that Rubens and Vandyke died before its conclusion, while Hals and Rembrandt lived to see the restoration of peace.

Having settled these events in her mind, Winnie concerned herself no more with dates.

The very streets of Antwerp, with their types of modern life—the artisans of the city, the peasants from the country—were fascinatingly picturesque. Most paintable were the milk-sellers, with their dog-carts, suggesting Ouida's touching story, "A Dog of Flanders," and their shining brass milk-cans.

The Steen, the Cathedral, the Plantin Museum, the Picture Gallery, and the streets remain for every visitor to Antwerp; but the girls had one special privilege which is not accorded to every traveller. It was the year of the International Exposition, and though they agreed, as they wandered through its encampment of kiosks, chalets, and halls of nondescript and uninteresting architecture, that it was not to be for one moment compared in dignity and beauty to our own White City, still there was one part of the exhibition so complete in itself, so picturesque in its general effect, and so perfectly carried out in every detail, that they returned to it again and again with increasing delight. This was Old Antwerp (*Oud Antwerpen*). Narrow, tortuous streets centred on an irregular

market square, around which antique-appearing houses in the mediæval Dutch style were grouped, and burghers in quaint costumes stood within plying their trades, or walked about chatting with one another. The illusion was so complete, that they felt as if they had been transported by some magic power into the heart of the Middle Ages—*Antwerp en fête* in the sixteenth century. This century was a remarkable one for the old city. It had reached a prosperity which enabled its burghers to live and dress in much luxury, and to devote themselves to spectacles and amusements. A Florentine, writing of a visit to Antwerp in 1566, says :

"The men and women of every age dress very well and in a manner befitting their station, and always in novel and beautiful costumes, but often with more of pomp and extravagance than strict honesty requires. One sees at every hour wedding processions, festivals ; one hears on all sides the sound of all instruments, songs, and joyous shouts—in brief, on every side appears a manifestation of the wealth, the power, the pomp, and splendor of the city."

One feature of this period was the great num-

ber of out-of-door spectacles—plays performed in the public squares, dancing in the street, and "joyous entries," consisting of processions to welcome the visits of distinguished guests. Margaret of Austria made her solemn *entrée* into the city in 1507. The Emperor Maximilian and the young Prince Charles made a *joyeuse entrée* in 1516, and in 1520 Charles, after having been elected Emperor of Germany, was again fêted in Antwerp. Philip II. was solemnly welcomed in 1549, and the Archduke Matthias of Austria in 1578. Then William of Orange received the popular acclaim, and after the city fell into the hands of the Spaniards, the daughter of Philip II., Isabella, and her husband, were received with great magnificence in 1599.

It will be seen from this brief recapitulation, that all through the century Antwerp was continually opening her gates with great rejoicing and glorification to very different personages. The festivals were not always political, for when Albert Dürer visited the city in 1520, he, too, was greeted by a procession organized by the painters of the city. In 1561 a great literary celebration was held by a society of rhetoricians, and when the first bishop was installed,

in 1570, the clergy showed what they could do in the way of gorgeous street pageants.

It was, therefore, a happy thought on the part of the managers of the exhibition to show, not only the quaint Gothic architecture of the ancient town, but to choose a period most admirably adapted for theatrical display. The various guilds and societies of Antwerp enacted frequently, during the duration of the exhibition, all sorts of plays, entertainments, and processions which were or might have been performed in the old diversion-loving city. There were puppet shows, jugglers and minstrels, mummers and maskers, and the populace in gala costume, all enjoying themselves to the utmost. So vivid was the impression that this was all really of the period, that Winnie, pointing to a stalwart halberdier, remarked unconsciously to Milly, "What a pity it is that we can't have men like that nowadays!"

The girls found the shops, established in the lower stories of the houses, very interesting, and Winnie sketched the ironwork signs which swung before the doors. One, representing a spider's web, appropriately indicated the lacemakers, where Milly purchased a beautiful

fichu of frost-like Brussels *point appliqué.* The houses bore odd names or dedications ; one, devoted to cold meats, had a swinging sign in the shape of a crown made of sausages. "To the Windmill," was occupied by a baker ; "To the Pelisse," by the costumer of the town ; "To the Golden Compass," by a publisher of guide-books ; "To the Fox," by a restaurant-keeper, etc. On one afternoon they saw a capital reproduction of an old miracle play, such as is described in Longfellow's "Golden Legend ;" but they were also fortunate enough to be present on the great occasion of the summer, a most faithful representation of a tourney of the Middle Ages. This was given by the Belgian cavalry officers, and the horsemanship was superb, while the costumes were reproduced with the utmost exactitude, and some authentic suits of armor were worn by the knights. The spectacle took place in the market square. The amphitheatre of seats was erected around it, and the upper stories of the houses were rented to spectators. As Winnie said, they could hardly have seen a tournament more perfectly rendered if they had been present at those which King Arthur organized to tempt the ambi-

tion and prowess of his Knights of the Table Round.

The programme began with the grand entry of the performers. First came the four presidents of the tourney, who took the seats upon the judges' stand; then arrived various noble messengers bearing the demands of Oriental knights to take part in the tourney; next the cortége of Spanish knights; then Charles, Count of Egmont, with his train; after him a wild procession, following the King of Ethiopia, consisting of negro children dressed as barbarians, playing on cymbals and dancing, a troop of Ethiopian horsemen throwing javelins and firing their long guns, followed by women on camels; next came a company of Saracen knights in chain armor, with attendants in floating robes, and an Oriental queen on horseback, with three captive knights chained to her saddle-bow with golden chains. Following this group came the Belgian knights under Count Florent de Berlaymont, Chevalier de la Toison d'Or, and Milly repeated softly:

"Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms fill my brain;
They who live in history only seem to walk the earth again.

All the foresters of Flanders, mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip, Guy de Dampierre.
I behold the pageants splendid that adorned those days of old ;
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bear the fleece of gold."

Following the Belgians rode Cupid, mounted on a pretty white pony, leading with golden chains two captive queens on horseback. Also in Cupid's suite was a knight on foot, allowing himself, "for his love for Bradamante," to be made the sport of two buffoons, who struck him with bladders which dangled from sticks, and mocked him with gibes.

The girls were delighted with the brilliant spectacle.

Winnie's eyes glowed with excitement. "You can't imagine what I am thinking of," she said.

"Oh, yes, I can," Milly replied, with a shrewd smile. "You are thinking how nice it would be to get up a joyous entry of this kind in New York for the Messiah Home."

"Tib will have an entertainment to manage this spring," Winnie replied. "I mean to take notes, and write her all about it. Watch closely ; we must not let any of the details slip."

Just then there entered a company of Spanish knights, under the command of the seigneur Jacques de Pimentel. As Winnie glanced carelessly over the programme at the assumed Spanish titles of the knights, with the true names of the young officers of the Belgian cavalry who were playing the parts, she was astonished to read, "The very noble Knight Juan Bautista da Silva, represented by his lineal descendant, Lieutenant Dirk Van Pieterzoon."

"Why, that must be our fellow-passenger's cousin," she remarked; and then, as she studied the sentence more carefully, a part of its true significance gradually dawned upon her. "Silva!" she exclaimed. "What if that should prove to be the original spelling of Mrs. Van Silver's name! It is possible, but then that would prove her ancestors Spanish and not Dutch; and where does her *Van* come in? But this young man (who is Dutch by descent, although he has joined the Belgian army) announces that he is a descendant of the Spanish Knight da Silva. I don't understand it at all."

"At the time of the Spanish domination there was a good deal of intermarrying in Holland," said Mrs. Roseveldt. "Perhaps the Van Pieter-

zoons have a strain of Spanish blood in their veins."

"That would seem to be a natural explanation," Winnie replied; "but in that case, don't you see, it may mean that the Van Silvers of New York are related to the Van Pieterzoons."

"Very possibly, but certainly only very distantly related; and I do not see that it concerns us, or why you are so excited about it."

"Because, if dear old Van is a Pieterzoon, since he is a physician he may secure the legacy to the Van Pieterzoon family, which they are so afraid of losing. How I wish I could have three minutes' conversation with that young officer! It might straighten out everything."

"I am afraid that this is only a romantic dream, my dear. You can talk it over with Mr. Van Pieterzoon if you run across him when you are in Amsterdam, but at present I think we would better concentrate our attention on the tourney. See, the grand parade is over, the noble personages have taken their seats, and the knights who are to do battle have retired outside the lists. There, the heralds are announcing the second part of the programme."

The second part proved to be the more exciting, as in it were included all the games and combats. There was riding for the rings by lancers, and expert broadsword fencing on horseback, which had a frightfully realistic look, and made the girls cover their eyes during the clash of sabres. There was the joust for the privilege of proclaiming the Queen of Beauty, each knight taking part desiring to win this distinction for his lady.

"It is all a scene from the 'Idylls of the King,'" said Milly.

"Or 'Ivanhoe,'" replied Winnie. "Just think how Sir Walter Scott would have enjoyed this!"

When the Spanish knights contended in single combat against those of the spurs of gold, young Dirk Van Pieterzoon, or, as his name appeared in the programme, Juan Bautista da Silva, was unhorsed, apparently thrust through by a spear, and lay under his horse's hoofs, to the horror of the onlookers. The girls could hardly believe that this had all been planned and rehearsed in advance, and that the horse was really a circus performer, trained to the most careful exactitude in his dainty steps, and

rather pleased than frightened by the applause of the vast assemblage. The servants ran forward, lifted the body of the knight and laid it across the saddle, and the horse turned and, entirely unguided, paced carefully from the lists with his seemingly lifeless burden.

Mrs. Roseveldt gasped as Winnie dashed in her face a glass of lemonade which an attendant was offering for sale. The little lady had actually fainted. "How heartless to continue the entertainment after so shocking an accident!" she said faintly. "Let us leave the tourney at once."

Winnie tried to assure her that it was only acting; but as she was not quite sure upon that point herself, and Mrs. Roseveldt could not be convinced, they left before the last episode, in which it was announced that an unknown black knight, presumably Lancelot in disguise, would do battle with all challengers.

They heard afterward that he successively unhorsed and apparently killed six opposing knights, to the great delight of the spectators. As the girls took the tram at the entrance to the exposition, they were all infinitely relieved to see the Spanish knight, no longer in the Da

Silva armor, but dressed in the equally becoming uniform of a Belgian lieutenant of cavalry, gayly bestriding his black horse, which was caracoling joyfully, well knowing that he was the observed of all observers.

At that instant a puff of malicious wind tore Winnie's Gainsborough hat from her head and wafted it down the street. The young officer gave rein to his horse and started in chase. After a lively scamper he caught up with it, and leaning far forward on his horse's neck, and supporting himself by grasping his mane, he picked up the hat in true cowboy style without dismounting, and galloping back, restored it politely to its owner.

Winnie stood so surprised, with her beautiful Titian hair flooding her shoulders, that she could only murmur, "Thank you," and did not realize, until after Lieutenant Van Pieterzoon had vanished, that she had made no inquiry concerning the Da Silvas.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HAGUE.

ON the departure of the steamer which carried our little party over seas, it will be remembered that a broken-hearted woman sat in her luxurious carriage watching with dry, straining eyes the scarf of smoke which streamed from the funnel as the ship steamed down the harbor. She gave no order to the coachman, and the carriage stood beside the dock until the last of the many friends who had come to bid the tourists *bon voyage* had returned from the pier. This last was an athletic young man

without an overcoat, slapping himself to keep warm. He noticed the carriage, and springing to the door, exclaimed heartily, "Well, mother, you see I did get here after all. What is the matter? Are you ill? How shockingly you look!"

He sprang into the carriage and placed his arms around her. Mrs. Fitz-Simmons let her head droop for an instant on her son's shoulder, but she did not faint again. "Tell James to drive home," she said. "It is nothing now. I have had a great fright, Stacey dear. I thought I saw you on the deck of the steamer as it moved away. I think I must have lost my head for an instant; for, of course, you could never leave me so without farewell, no matter how wildly you were in love. Could you, Stacey?"

The tears streamed down Mrs. Fitz-Simmons's cheeks, and Stacey looked grave and troubled. "The dear little mother," he said, "how thoughtless and selfish I have been! The man you saw was probably John Nash, in my winter overcoat. I came down to see him off. He had only a thin, shabby thing, and I put mine right on him. He would have had pneumonia

the first day out if I hadn't. Spring is coming now, and I can make my covert coat do for the rest of the season. I gave him my plush robe, too, for I found out when I called on him the other day that he had not provided himself with a rug, and could not afford one."

"Nash, Nash," said Mrs. Fitz-Simmons dreamily, "did you say that he is a man?"

"Certainly, very much of a man. I only wish I had half his manliness. Why, you remember him, mother. He was my man at Shinnecock. And do you know what he has done since? He has worked hard and saved up enough to go abroad and study art for a year—at precious close calculation, to be sure. He had made up his mind to go over steerage. *Steerage!* only think of that. Of course I couldn't allow it, and I drew out two hundred dollars from my account this morning. With one hundred I bought him a first-class passage as a good-by present. I wanted him to take the other hundred, too, but he wouldn't, so here it is, and if you will stop at the bank, I'll deposit it again as we go home."

Mrs. Fitz Simmons said nothing, but looked

at her son with love and admiration shining through her tears.

"Don't look at me in that adoring way, mother. I really owed it to John Nash, to help him in his artistic career. He is a genius, and I encouraged him in the start, and received no end of undeserved praise for his pictures. You know he couldn't be induced to join the class, but begged me to let him send in his sketches in my name. I ought not to have consented, but I thought that when I explained it all at the closing exhibition, it would be received as a good joke. Instead of that, I was covered with disgrace; and, worst of all, lost—lost—but no matter, we won't talk about that."

"Yes, Stacey, we will," Mrs. Fitz-Simmons replied. "You do not know the anguish that comes to a mother from any lack of confidence on the part of her son. Tell me everything, dear boy—your joys and sorrows, your hopes and despairs, your good deeds and your sins. Let me know the best of you and the worst. Let there never be the slightest veil between our hearts again."

As she spoke a realization of something of what his mother had suffered came to Stacey,

and he raised her hand to his lips, saying, "I promise. Forgive me that I have caused you pain. We will live heart to heart after this. Yes, I have lost Milly, and I love her still."

"And there never was any other girl, Stacey, whom you cared for or she thought you cared for?"

"Never."

"Then, dear, it will all come right. I am certain that she cares for you, and that all that is needed is that you should have the opportunity to come to an understanding. And you shall have it, Stacey. Where are they going?"

"To Laren, an art colony near Amsterdam. John Nash is going there, too."

"So will we. I will write your father that as soon as you have graduated we will meet him in Amsterdam. That will suit your father as well as any other European city, and you can spend as much time as you wish with your friends at Laren."

"Thank you, dear mother, but there is no hope in that direction. It happens, however, that I would like to visit Amsterdam. I became very much interested in yachts while I was off

with my friend last summer, and this winter I have been taking an extra course in naval engineering. I like it better than anything I have tackled at college. I believe I could build yachts. Peter the Great went to Amsterdam to study ship-building, didn't he? At any rate, they have a fine museum of models of all sorts of ships at Amsterdam, and I would like to poke about in it for a while. It is the only thing that I care the least about. I was talking about it to John Nash. That fellow has such a lot of uncommon sense. I never treated him as a servant, but as a companion, and I believe he is the best friend I have. I managed to let off a little enthusiasm on the subject of yachts, and he slapped me on the back and said, 'I always believed you'd make *something*. You never were worth a rap for art, but you are too good a fellow to be nothing but a swell.' It was he who urged me to see the museum at Amsterdam, and then go into some technical school of naval architecture and study in earnest, and I believe I will."

"This will please your father," Mrs. Fitz-Simmons replied. "He was always disappointed that you did not care to enter the navy,

but he will be equally pleased if you become a naval architect."

"I can see now," Stacey replied, "that I had this desire way back at Shinnecock. I was always drawing boats then. They were correct drawings, and I appreciated their construction and the lines of beauty, but they were too much like diagrams; there was no art in them."

The tears had long since dried from Mrs. Fitz-Simmons's flushed cheeks. "Stacey," she said, "you have never before told me so much of your heart. I could not have believed an hour ago that I could ever be so happy as I am now. I believe that in the same wonderful way the clouds which now shroud your future will part, and you will begin a new life of aspiration and happiness."

"Perhaps so, little mother," Stacey replied; and though his voice had not the same ring of assurance, there was infinite confidence and love in the look with which he met her intense gaze.

While mother and son were planning for a summer in Amsterdam and Laren, and a happy outcome from all misunderstanding, Milly was doing her best to thwart this pleasant plan.

The party had left Antwerp on their way to Amsterdam, but had decided to pause for a short visit at the Hague. They found the sleepy royal city unexpectedly entertaining. Mrs. Roseveldt had brought letters of introduction to a number of charming people both in artistic and court circles, and the aristocratic and cultured social life of the little city was greatly to her taste. They had stopped at an interesting and very comfortable hostelry, the Hôtel Vieux Doelen, an old established house, once the club of the arquebusiers—*doel* meaning target, and *doelen* shooting gallery. The hotel faced a pretty square, the parade ground of the city. The Binnenhof, the Royal Palace, and the Mauritshuis, or Picture Gallery, were near by. It was just aside from the pretty *vyva*, or fishpond, with its swans and green islands; broad avenues shaded by handsome trees and lined by stately, dignified houses led in every direction. The city impresses one as did its society, as being select, wealthy, of ancient pedigree, and very self-satisfied; but at the same time not ostentatious, extravagant, or arrogant. There is much geniality and hospitality in those richly wainscotted old dining-

A Dutch Interior.

(From painting by C. Bisschop.)

rooms, and the stranger, when properly presented, feasts at the board. Mrs. Roseveldt had been properly presented, and handsome carriages, with servants in livery, rolled up to the door of the hotel, bringing their dignified owners, who vied with each other in attractive invitations. Mrs. Roseveldt had travelled extensively, but in no European city had she found herself in a more congenial atmosphere, and she regretted that they had not made their plans to remain here, instead of in the commercial city of Amsterdam and the obscure village of Laren.

The society of Amsterdam, her new friends told her, could not compare with that of the Hague. It was still so early in the spring that the court had not deserted the city, and later the neighboring watering-place of Scheveningen would be the resort of fashion. Laren was simply impossible, merely a huddle of huts. She would die there of *ennui*, if she survived the poor cooking. All of these arguments had no effect upon Winnie and Milly, who had come to Holland for artistic work and not for society; but other influences were at work which were to change their desires also.

Some of their friends had taken them to see Mesdag's panorama of Scheveningen. "It is too early," they said, "for you to gain any idea of the gayety of the watering-place in the season by visiting it now; but Mr. Mesdag's panorama is as good, even better than the place itself at this season."

Never has a more artistic panorama been produced. The girls sat on the little platform and looked away across the apparently long reach of level sands, to a returning fleet of fishing-boats that were dropping anchor. The dark red sails were flapping, and the peasants were wading out with creels and baskets for their share in the abundant catch. "It's so good," said Winnie, "that I can almost sniff the salt air. How I would like to see more of Mesdag's pictures!"

"You should see his studio and gallery," said their friend. "He has a wonderful collection of the paintings of other artists. He is very rich, and a munificent art patron as well as an artist."

Winnie sighed. "Then, of course, he does not take pupils," she said. "I have no desire to be a marine painter, but I would like to

study for a time with a man who could teach me to paint skies and atmosphere as he does."

"The best opportunity now offered for art study at the Hague," said the other, "is with Mr. Zilcken."

"What, Philip Zilcken, the etcher?"

"Yes, etcher and painter, and art critic and teacher as well, for he unites all four professions with admirable skill in each."

"We know him for his delightful etchings in America," Winnie replied. "How I would like to meet him! He must be an aged man, to have accomplished so much."

"On the contrary, he is just at the height of his powers, a man not past middle life. He has achieved his widest reputation in Europe as a writer on art. His judgment is so admirably just and kindly. It has been said, you know, that any fool can find fault, but it takes a master to appreciate. It is a delicate task for an artist to write of his fellows, but Zilcken is loved by all his mates, and he is most kindly and helpful to young art students. If you would like to call upon him, I am sure you would receive a hearty welcome, and his studio is only a little way from the Palace in

the Wood, where you are going this afternoon."

Of course Winnie combined the two visits. They found the little palace or royal villa interesting, chiefly from its having been assigned to the historian Motley by the Queen of Holland, who insisted that he should be her guest while visiting the Netherlands. The girls were delighted to find that Motley's histories were considered superior to any written by native authors. His portrait, painted by the queen's order by C. Bisschop, hangs in one of the rooms which he occupied during his stay.

Leaving the palace, they drove through the grand old wood under arching, moss-covered trees, and beside tranquil waters, covered with lily-pads, to Philip Zilcken's home, Helene Villa, named for the beloved wife whose recent death is so greatly deplored. They found him courteous and cordial, generously laying aside his work to do the honors of his studio. He showed them portfolio after portfolio of his etchings, explaining the process and the different stages. He told them how he etched directly from nature, as another artist would sketch, and then showed, with real delight in the work

of the artists which he had "translated," a portfolio of his reproductive etchings from the paintings of Maris, Israels, Mauve, and others. At the mention of Mauve, Winnie remarked that they were ardent admirers of this artist, and were on their way to Laren to study in his sketching grounds.

"Ah, if Mauve were only there!" Mr. Zilcken replied. "He was my teacher—the teacher par excellence. There is no one like him left in Holland. But Laren without Mauve is no better than a hundred other villages. You would learn more by studying his pictures than by painting the identical trees and meadows from which they were evolved. Here is a little brochure which I have written as a tribute to my dear master. If you appreciate his work, you may care to glance it over. You will find Neuhuys and Kever still at Laren. They are true artists. After all, I believe you will find much to enjoy there; but as for me, I could not bear to go there, now Mauve has gone."

Mr. Zilcken was full of kindly sympathy and helpful suggestions. He did not mention his own class, and the girls would not have known, from anything he said, that he was a teacher.

As they drove back through the lovely wood they noticed white umbrellas scattered before charming vistas, and realized for the first time that they had possibly defrauded his pupils of some of their master's counsel.

"I don't know but we are making a mistake," said Winnie. "A man like Mr. Zilcken, who knew Mauve so intimately and understood his art so well, could transmit more of the spirit of the master than we could find haunting its old abiding-places."

On her return to the hotel she buried herself in the biographical article which Mr. Zilcken had written, and her enthusiasm was kindled by the enthusiasms and feeling of the writer. Her pencil marked, in order that she might read and read again such colorful passages as the following :

"How many works has Mauve created filled with the penetrating charm of a landscape, so well adapted to his delicate palette ! Sometimes the general effect is gay and warm, again the skies are veiled, delicate and fine, a gamut of extreme softness offering grays that one finds nowhere else, and lending themselves to the taste of one who preferred the *finesse* of tone

to the *éclat* of vivid color. He painted all the life of the country, simply, with such power of intimate penetration as no one had possessed before him. Where Millet saw grandeur and tragedy, Mauve was moved by tenderness. He is best known as a painter of sheep, of flocks wandering on the dunes in the moist fogs that alternately veil and disclose the black form of the shaggy shepherd dog or the lonely shepherd, as Jules Breton has sung. 'In the pearly mist there appears vaguely in the distance a dark spot. It is the shepherd wandering amid his bleating flock, whose movements reveal their indistinct outlines, and the restless shadow of the worrying dog.'*

"Aside from the great number of his sheep pictures, what phase of peasant life has he not depicted? Cows straying in sunny meadows

* "Dans la vapeur grisatre,
Apparait au lointain
Un point noir ; c'est le patre ;
Il vacile incertain ;
Le mouvement révelé.
Les contours indecis
De son troupeau qui bêle
Et du chien qui harcelé,
Sans repos les brebis."

or in the shadow of silvery willows; woodcutters chopping mossy trunks; peasants in white caps spreading their snowy linen on the grass; patient horses drawing the massive barges along canals bordered with rushes, and the beach with its fishing boats and life of the sea. And how he loved to render the impression of the seasons! Pensive winter evenings, with leafless trees silhouetting their branches against the pale sky; tender autumnal afternoons, when the rosy gold of the falling leaves vibrated in the sunshine; spring evenings, with the afterglow of sunset touching with silver the grays of the calm dusk; but always by preference a clouded sky, clear, luminous, illuminating softly, bathing all things in an atmosphere of mother-of-pearl."

Winnie laid down the book with the exclamation, "I must study with that man—at least for a time. One who appreciates so vividly must be able to teach others to appreciate. But how can I make Milly feel in the same way? She has fully made up her mind that Laren is the one spot for us."

While Winnie was speaking, or rather thinking, an apparently insignificant collection of

objects had entirely revolutionized Milly's feelings. She was entering the hotel when her attention was attracted by a steamer-trunk bearing the conspicuous label, "Laren, near Amsterdam." She paused, looked more intently, and noticed lying on the steamer-trunk, rolled neatly in a shawl-strap, a familiar plush blanket, and an equally well-known overcoat with fur collar. At the same time the *garçon* came forward, and touching his hat, said :

"Excuse me, miss, but the gentleman that belongs to that luggage—" This was always Jan's way of expressing ownership. He had the transporting and the care of baggage, and to him it was vastly more important than its owners. "The gentleman who belongs to that luggage stopped here over night, and when he saw your name on the hotel register he wanted to call on you and the other ladies, and he was much put out that you were out, miss. He's gone now. He walked to the station, and left word for the luggage to come on the hotel stage. He said he hoped he would see you in Laren, miss. He is going there for the summer. I asked for his card, but he said he hadn't one, and it wasn't necessary ; you would

know who he was; he had crossed in the same steamer."

Milly was deeply indignant. So Stacey had really crossed the ocean on their steamer, but had not presented himself openly and courteously during the entire voyage, and he now had the impertinence to go to the little village which he knew was their destination, and to count on meeting her in the old intimate way.

What did it all mean? There was some mystery about it which she could not fathom. Why should Stacey have left his college when so near graduation? Why had he not spoken of it at the theatre party? No, decidedly, until a great many things were explained she did not wish to meet Stacey. If she could only persuade Winnie not to go to Laren! Suddenly an explanation suggested itself to her as possible, which filled her with a great fear. Stacey had said that the thought of her drove him mad. Could it be that he was insane, and that she was followed by a maniac? She entered their pretty private parlor with a distraught look upon her fair face. Her mother sat at the little escritoire deeply absorbed in the reading of a letter, and Milly walked to the

window and stood silently looking out at the storks slowly circling around the spire of the Groote Kirk.

Winnie tapped at the door and entered a few moments later, and Mrs. Roseveldt awoke from her reverie. "Girls," she said, "come here for a moment. Would it disappoint you both very much to put off going to Laren until late in the summer—perhaps entirely?"

The girls were silent, each too surprised that matters were shaping themselves toward their desires to reply, and Mrs. Roseveldt continued, little dreaming how easy it would be to persuade them: "My dears, I have here a letter from the Baroness Van der Duck, in which she urges us to occupy her villa in Van Stolk Park while she is in Scheveningen. You know what a charming house you thought it. We could entertain and return some of the hospitality which we have received. Don't you think you could make yourselves happy here for the summer? They tell me it is very damp at Laren, and you know what a martyr I am to neuralgia."

"Say no more, dear Mrs. Roseveldt," Winnie replied quickly. "I am sure we can have

just as good advantages here as at Laren. I was on the point of suggesting to Milly that we should join Mr. Zilcken's class. What do you think, dear?"

"Just as you think best, mamma—you and Winnie, I mean, for I am sure that you will look after our material comfort, and Winnie will decide what is best for our artistic interests."

"You are always so sweetly yielding, Milly," Winnie replied admiringly, and Milly felt like a hypocrite as she reflected how relieved she was that this change in their plans had come about so naturally.

And so their art life in Holland began quite unexpectedly to them in the Hague, and in so far as their progress in painting was concerned, they had no cause to regret their decision, for they found Mr. Zilcken a most admirable teacher and a kind friend. There were other American and English girls who joined the class, whose companionship proved very pleasant and helpful. They sketched out-of-doors, chiefly in the beautiful wood near his residence, Winnie devoting herself to studies from cattle, and Milly to bits of landscape, bringing in by

preference some watery gleam of the little canal, with a flutter of soft yellow ducklings enlivening its surface, after the genre of that charming Dutch painter, William Maris.

Mr. Zilcken was most helpful in his lessons in composition, in his hints of how to make pictures from their out-of-door literal studies. He enjoys, as we have already stated, the friendship of all of the principal artists of the Hague, and through his introduction, later on, the privilege of visiting several most interesting studios came to them. Mesdag's was the most palatial, with its long suite of galleries filled with the choicest paintings of other artists, and especially of the French school. There were many priceless Millets, Corots, Rousseaus, Vollens, Troyons, and Daubignys, and frequent examples of Diaz, Courbet, De Camps, with others by men whose work is nearer our own time, Bastien Le Page, Jules Breton, and many another; always a picture bought because it was loved, and not because the dealer recommended it or the artist was the favorite of the hour. There were many paintings, too, by his fellow-artists of the Hague; charming peasant studies by Artz (who has recently died), Israels'

masterly "Alone in the World," which was shown at our Columbian Exhibition, and many another. There were paintings by his gifted cousin, Alma Tadema, and a few by his talented wife, Madam Mesdag Van Houten. The maiden name of a married woman in Holland is written after her husband's name, and in this way Miss Van Houten, in marrying Mr. Mesdag, did not lose all identity with her former life and reputation. Mrs. Mesdag is a gentle, unassuming woman, an admirable housekeeper in a palace whose bric-à-brac it must be no slight care to keep from dust. But all of the artist's wonderful brasses and copper utensils shine like lambent flames, and moth and rust find no opportunity to corrupt his priceless tapestries and antique armor. She made her reputation as an artist as a painter of flowers and still-life, magnificent great canvases of flamboyant color, showing her a worthy successor of the old Dutch painters of still-life. One long gallery was filled with beautiful cabinets holding costly vases of jade or cloisonné or Venetian glass that had served Madam Mesdag as models in her paintings.

It was a visit long to be remembered, but

RETURN OF THE FISHING BOATS.

(From painting by H. W. Mesdag.)

Winnie, much as she admired the rich collection, was still more impressed by Mr. Mesdag's own work—powerful marines, chiefly fishing-boats, depicted in every vicissitude that stress of weather or calm or favoring gale could occasion. Evidently Mesdag loved to paint the very weather itself, and has come nearer to depicting invisible wind than any other artist.

His glorious stormy skies are noted the world over. Milly looked at them with real awe. "It seems to me," she said afterward, "that Mesdag must have had some mighty winged seraph to carry him out over the seas in the wake of the tempests. It makes me think of the lines,

> "'He plants his footsteps on the sea
> And rides upon the storm.'"

So the days passed on, full of high endeavor, of hard work and rare privilege, and now the tender spring greens and grays were deepening into the rich, lush coloring of summer. This life had been outwardly a very happy one, but Milly was tormented by the vague dread which she told no one, the secret fear for Stacey's sanity. It was not alone that he might reappear at any moment, dangerous in his frenzy,

though that thought haunted her and made her heart stand still whenever in their sketching a stranger approached them. This physical fear was a terrible ordeal for one so timid as Milly, but the thought of what this meant for Stacey himself, of the wreck of his fine mind and prospects, was still more depressing to the unselfish girl. Fortunately this condition of mind did not last long, or she could not have endured it. Winnie received frequent letters from Van, who was working as earnestly at his profession in America. In reply to Winnie's letter in regard to the Van Pieterzoon da Silva matter, Van had written: "Mother thinks it possible that our emigrating ancestor, Cornelis Van Silver, may have been a relative of the Van Pieterzoons, as that name occurred frequently in some family papers, which she is quite sure she gave you to carry with you."

Winnie laid down the letter with an exclamation of surprise. "How stupid of me to have forgotten! Why, I had them with me all the time, and might have shown them to the Mr. Van Pieterzoon whom we met on the ship. To be sure, my trunk was down in the hold, but I could have had it brought up. And that was

why the name sounded so familiar. I had seen it in those old papers. I certainly must see Mr. Van Pieterzoon ; but he lives in Amsterdam, and we have about decided not to go there."

"You might write him," suggested Milly.

"Yes ; but I don't like to trust these precious family papers to the mail I think I will tell him that I have them, and that if he is passing through the Hague, I would be glad to show them to him."

There was something else in Van's letter which Winnie was at first minded to show Milly. It would have cleared up the perplexity under which Milly was laboring, but of this Winnie knew nothing, and as certain remarks in the letter were not thoroughly complimentary to Milly, Winnie concluded not to read it to her, merely remarking that Van had seen Stacey during a recent visit to Cambridge.

"Stacey in Cambridge !" Milly exclaimed.

"Why, yes ; at Harvard. Where else should he be ?"

Milly realized that Winnie had known nothing of her suspicions that Stacey had been a hidden passenger on the ship, and she was

silent. It was a pity that she could not have then and there read the entire letter.

"I must tell you into what a fine fellow Stacey Fitz-Simmons has developed," Van wrote. "I had not seen him for several years, until we met at the dinner and theatre party which his mother gave the night before you left. The next day we met again at the dock, where I, of course, supposed he had come to see you off. He undeceived me at once. 'Don't tell Miss Roseveldt that I am here,' he said. 'I have no right to be here. She bade me good-by last night—good-by forever, and I have accepted my fate. I shall not trouble her by dogging her footsteps in a mawkish, unmanly way.'

"'Then, in the name of common sense, why are you here at all?' I asked. 'Because,' he replied, 'I want to see off my old friend, John Nash, who sails on the same steamer. He will be down in the steerage probably, and I will take leave of him there, where the Roseveldts will not see me. Don't give me away, please.' That was the reason I persistently kept you from the steerage end of the ship until all friends of the passengers were ordered ashore.

Then, just as I was leaving, I met a young man coming up the companion-way wearing the overcoat which Stacey had on a moment before, and carrying a carriage-robe which had been in his hands. I was so startled that I said, 'Why, here you are, after all, Stacey!' and then I saw the man's face, and knew that I was mistaken. 'I am John Nash,' he replied, 'but I don't wonder you made the mistake. Mr. Fitz-Simmons has just given me his coat and rug. Wasn't it good of him?' 'But he said you were going steerage,' I replied. 'They won't allow you in this part of the boat.'

"'Yes, they will, with this,' and he showed me a first-class ticket. 'Stacey made me accept this, too. Did you ever see a fellow like him?' I had not time to say that I had not the pleasure of knowing two of that kind, for, as it was, I was nearly carried away with you. When I left the pier I saw Stacey with his mother in their carriage, but they were so deeply absorbed in conversation that they did not notice me. I determined, however, that I would see more of him, so when I was called to Boston I went out to Cambridge and looked him up. He made me stay two days with him,

to see the model of a yacht that he is at work upon. It seems that he has taken up the study of ship-building and naval engineering. It is something more than a fad with him; it is a real passion. A prize has been offered for the best model of a racing yacht on new plans, and Stacey has entered for the competition. 'I am so absorbed in it,' he said, 'that I can scarcely spend the necessary time on my other studies, and yet I know that I must do so to graduate with honor. I have found that I have something to live for, after all, and I am putting my whole soul into it.' The model seemed to me very perfect, and I would not be surprised if it was awarded the prize. I have written all this because I know that you are interested in Stacey, and will be pleased to know that he is doing so well. It may be just as well not to tell Miss Roseveldt that her rejection is the very best thing that could have happened to Stacey. It has made a man of him."

All of this Milly came to know long after, but it would have saved her much mental bewilderment if she could have learned the truth then.

"When did Van see Stacey?" was her only

question, and Winnie gave the date. It was just at the time that Milly imagined that he had inquired for her at the hotel. "Was he well?" she asked.

"Perfectly, and doing well, it seems. Van says that he has turned out to be a regular grind, and is likely to win a prize for a design of a yacht which he has made."

In one way the information lifted a great load from Milly's mind. It was evident that Stacey had not gone insane from love of her, and that he had not followed her to Europe. She need no longer fear the sudden appearance of a maniac waiting in some lonely place to kill her. She was very glad for Stacey's sake, and immensely relieved for her own. She had become very timid, almost hysterical, and her friends little knew of the horror in which she had lived during the few past weeks. Still, it was not all quite clear to her yet. If Stacey's mind was not affected, what of her own? She had been certain that he was near her; had she been insane instead of Stacey? If so, she was in her right mind now. Stacey was in America; she would be the dupe of no more illusions.

She came out of her absorption with a little laugh, saying to herself, in what seemed to Winnie an utterly inconsequential manner, "As things have turned out, we might just as well have gone to Laren."

But they were settled so pleasantly, that even now they did not immediately leave the Hague. A great source of pleasure to them here, which we have not yet mentioned, was the Museum of Paintings. This gallery has been made up in great part of collections formed by the princes of the House of Orange. The great majority (three hundred out of the four hundred and fifty) of the paintings are by Dutch artists. Rembrandt's masterpiece, "The Anatomy Lesson," and Paul Potter's "Bull" are the two gems of the collection. In the first Nicolas Tulp, the celebrated professor, is engaged in explaining the anatomy of the arm of a corpse to the members of the Guild of Surgeons. Notwithstanding the ghastliness of the subject, the picture is not revolting. The attention of the observer is fastened, not by the subject on the dissecting-table, but by the living interest and character in the faces of the group who are listening with rapt attention to the lecturer. Before this

painting, and before the other portraits by Rembrandt in this collection, our students felt themselves in the presence of genius, which far exceeded the talents, remarkable as they were, of the other painters. There was much to admire in the technique of the old genre painters.

The tavern subjects of the Fleming, Teniers, Jan Steen, and others of his ilk, were, many of them, so coarse that the girls could not enjoy the marvellous skill with which they were depicted, but they found themselves greatly attracted by Terburg's refined pictures of domestic life, and by Gerard Dow's minuteness of finish. It has been said that Terburg, Metsu, and Netscher "are generally known as stuff painters, owing to the attention they bestow upon draperies, especially silks and satins; but they were not mere imitators of texture, and were capable of emotion, and could give utterance to the sentiments of romance." The costumes of the time, especially men's costumes, were far more beautiful than those of our own day. The Netherlands led Europe in its manufactures: velvet of Utrecht, Brussels lace, Dutch linen—"A fitting present," says Motley, "for kings to make and to receive"—tapes-

tries of Arras, brocades of gold and silver thread, stamped leather, wonderful wood-carving, the cutting and setting of precious stones, and the work of the silversmith. There was one creamy white satin dress of Terburg's that reminded Milly of Edgar Fawcett's lines :

> " No moonlit pool is lovelier than the glow
> Of this bright, sensitive texture, nor the sheen
> On sunny wings that wandering sea-birds preen
> And sweet of all fair draperies that I know,
> To mark the smooth tranquillity of flow,
> Where shades of tremulous dimness intervene,
> Shine out with mutable splendors, mild, serene,
> In some voluminous garment white as snow."

They had neighbors, the noted artists Mr. and Mrs. Bisschop, whose home in Van Stolk Park near their own seemed a survival of the old splendid days of the Netherland Renaissance, of the time before the troubles of Spanish persecution and peculation. There are certainly few houses anywhere so richly filled with antique furniture and objects of art. It was as though a house belonging to the Middle Ages had been preserved by magic, with nothing lacking necessary at that period either for comfort or luxury. Each room was an " interior," ready to be painted with treasures of carvings and

paintings, glints of porcelains and fiery reflections from bits of polished copper lighting up the rich darkness of the opulent greens, cobalt blues, and tawny ochres of the old tapestry hangings.

In the dining-room was an illuminated motto, very pretty in its quaintness, and yet holding a warning truth which fixed itself in the memory of the girls: "Godt geeft de vogeln den kost, maar zie moeten an am vliegen" ("God gives the birds their food, but they must fly for it").

They became quite intimate with their neighbors, and one day Mrs. Bisschop told Milly the history of a superb Venetian mirror which she had much admired, more especially for its exquisite ornate frame, on which baby loves, in high relief, were disporting in charming attitudes.

"It is the gift of that lovely woman, Queen Carmen Sylva," said Mrs. Bisschop. "I had the honor of giving her lessons in painting at her villa of Monrepos. I found that she needed practice in drawing, and advised her not to paint until she had arrived at greater proficiency. One day, however, she made an ad-

mirable study in oil of some white roses, which I praised highly. What was my annoyance to find, at the next lesson, that the queen was busily engaged in adding a huge bunch of hideous red roses, from a bouquet which had just been sent her, entirely spoiling the simple study which I had so much liked. I was so vexed that I threw the vulgar bunch of flaunting, cabbagy vegetables out of the window, and told the queen that she would better confine herself to drawing for some time longer. The queen yielded very gracefully, and I had the pleasure of advancing her to colors soon after; but she showed that she had not forgotten the discipline or taken it amiss, for this beautiful mirror came to me as my Christmas-box. Do you notice, at the base of the frame, the queen has had designed a little love holding aloft a palette and brushes, for which another baby love is pleading with outstretched hands, and that the frame is crowned with more childish figures, one of which is angrily showering roses in every direction?"

The girls' life at the Hague was almost entirely filled with art, but not quite. Winnie was intensely eager to sift the matter of the

Van Pieterzoon da Silva genealogy, and was disappointed on receiving a letter from Mrs. Van Pieterzoon, of Amsterdam, saying that her husband had been called to South Africa, and would not return for some months, when probably it would be too late to investigate this matter in time to comply with the conditions of the will. Mrs. Van Pieterzoon had, however, requested the family lawyer, Mynheer Voorhelm Hoogstraten, to communicate with them, and they might expect to hear from him soon.

Days passed, and the lawyer neither appeared nor wrote ; perhaps he, too, was on a journey to the ends of the earth on his own affairs, and Winnie began to despair. One day, most unexpectedly, a clew was afforded to the tangle. The streets of the Hague were decorated with all the bunting in the possession of its householders. The city was *en fête*, for there was to be a grand ball in honor of the child-queen, Wilhelmina. Mrs. Roseveldt was in raptures, for she had received invitations for herself and the girls. For days she had been in consultation with one of the court dressmakers. She had even thought of ordering dresses from Dou-

cet's, in Paris. Winnie had declined to go, since she could not afford the luxury of a gown ; but Mrs. Roseveldt, quite unknown to her, had had one made, and Winnie was fairly entrapped, for the dress would be wasted and Mrs. Roseveldt's feelings hurt if she persisted in not attending the festivity.

In her heart she rebelled against the waste of time, but the ball turned out to be a most fortunate link in the long chain of the events of the summer.

They had scarcely taken their places in the royal salon when Winnie noticed a young man, in highly ornamented uniform, who was regarding her with marked attention. She caught Milly's arm, and whispered, "There is the officer who took the part of the Spanish knight in the tournament at Antwerp."

The recognition had been mutual, and a few moments later the young man (who had discovered a mutual acquaintance in their party) was brought up and presented in due form. The incident which had caught his attention had been his chase for Winnie's hat at the entrance to the exposition, and this trifling occurrence led the conversation naturally to the part

he had taken in the jousts. He danced several times with Winnie, and during the intervals she told him of her acquaintance with his cousin, Mr. Piet Van Pieterzoon, of Amsterdam, their fellow-voyager, and of the Van Silver papers. These he begged to see, and having obtained Mrs. Roseveldt's permission to call, appeared the next day. He was much excited on reading them, for they seemed to prove to him conclusively that the Van Silvers of New York were the long-lost American branch of the family.

"Do you think there is any young man in that family," he asked eagerly, "who could be induced to come to Leyden and fulfil the conditions of the will?"

"I think so," Winnie replied demurely.

"Then write him to come at once. Cousin Dirk called on me in Antwerp just before he sailed, and I promised him that for the sake of the family interests involved I would sacrifice myself and give up my commission in the army to study medicine at Leyden. That would be a living death for me. Our old ancestor who made that eccentric will is one of the surgeons whose portrait figures in Rembrandt's

'Anatomy Lesson' in the Picture Gallery here. I never fail to visit the Museum when I come to the Hague to shake my fist at the old rascal. Oh, if this American cousin could only be the ram caught by his horns in the bushes, to be sacrificed instead of Isaac, how gladly would this Isaac skip away from the family sacrifice! Send for him—send for him at once, my dear young lady; let us have him enter the university without delay."

"But you forget," Winnie replied, "this young man cannot afford to leave his practice, and do this on an uncertainty. Your belief that he is a relative is very encouraging, but it is not proof. I must wait until I have the opinion of your cousin's lawyer, Mynheer Hoogstraten."

The young man groaned. "And he will be dead against the whole thing."

"Why so?"

"He is interested in having things remain as they are. You see, he is a friend of mine, and I would be richer if I accepted Cousin Piet's proposition to study medicine than if I let this other chap do it; but it is loathsome to me. When I look at that painting of Rembrandt's,

and see my ancestor with his other learned friends at their ghoulish task of carving up that corpse, my flesh creeps, and I turn sick."

"But you are a soldier. Is it not as repulsive to carve human flesh with the sword as with the lancet?"

"No, indeed; that is in the excitement of battle, when the other man has his chance at you; but to coldly set my knife among the quivering, trembling nerves and arteries of a helpless patient, or in the repulsive body of a corpse —oh, no, no!"

"Well, if you feel so, why does not your friend, the notary, take your view of the case?"

"Because I am betrothed to his daughter, Jacoba Sophia Hoogstraten, a lovely girl, for whom I would do much; and he withheld his consent until Cousin Piet proposed this arrangement. Then, when he saw that I would come into a nice little fortune, he suddenly became all willingness, and our engagement was announced."

"And how does your betrothed feel about it?"

"She loves me, and consequently feels as I do. Moreover, she admires the army. It was

my uniform which first caught her fancy, and she would like the romance change and excitement of a soldier's life. She has lived a quiet life, poor thing, and hoped I might be ordered to the colonies for our bridal tour ; and to help me make pills in Leyden or in some other Dutch town would be as little to her taste as to mine. It is decided. *I will not.* Produce our American cousin—produce him at once !"

"But how shall we prove his pretensions ? Shall I send these family papers of his to Mynheer, your proposed father-in-law ?"

"You might as well put them in the fire. I am glad I turned up in time to prevent such a disaster. But Cousin Piet will be just ; on his return he will settle everything."

"Then it will be too late."

"True. Well, there is one other person who may help you, and she is my great-aunt, Amalia, who lives in Leyden. She is the depositary of all we know about our ancestry, and she has always been rather proud of the Spanish strain in our blood. She calls herself Da Silva Van Pieterzoon, and says we ought all to write our names in that way. I went to

her when I thought of representing my Spanish ancestor at the tourney, and she gave me all the information necessary. I will give you a letter to Aunt Amalia. Yes, decidedly; you must visit her. How pleased she will be with this diary of Cornelis Van Silver, as he calls himself after reaching America! You see in these deeds of sale of his Leyden property, before he emigrated, the name is written in the same hand, Cornelis da Silva Van Pieterzoon, just as my great-aunt says it should be written to this day. That circumstance alone will make her your friend. You see that emigration was the split in the two families. The Americans dropped the Pieterzoon and the Dutch descendants the Da Silva, and the result is two distinct names. By the way, I don't see any seal or other representation of our coat-of-arms. It is a peculiar one. Do you happen to know what it is?"

"It is painted on a family clock, an heirloom in the Van Silver family—a tree torn up by the roots, with a gambolling calf for a crest."

"Perfect, perfect! Write my American cousin to unscrew that clock face and pack it in his portmanteau. I carried the same device

on the pennon on my spear. It is on the panels of Cousin Piet's carriage, only they've changed the calf to a leopard passant as more dignified, or because some illuminator drew so badly that its identity could not be distinguished. But Aunt Amalia has always persisted that the original beast was a calf, and she will tell you why. Write me after you have seen Aunt Amalia, and we will have another council of war; and, in the mean time, pray, prepare the American cousin to be summoned on short notice."

The young man shook hands warmly on parting. "I wish that you belonged to this family whom we are to welcome as our relatives," he said. "I would like to be able to call you cousin. Are you sure that you are in no way related to them?"

"Not in the slightest degree," Winnie replied; and young Dirk Van Pieterzoon wondered what she meant when she added, smiling very sweetly, "No, I am not a Van Pieterzoon; but if this matter turns out as we wish, I think you may call me cousin all the same."

The young officer, though not absolutely dull, was nevertheless not quick-witted enough to

understand the information which Winnie had intended to convey, and he went away sorely troubled. "I told her I was engaged," he said. "I did not leave her a peg to hang a hope upon; but I am so confoundedly handsome in my uniform, that the girls can't help falling in love with me. But, no, I will resist. I will be true to my Jacoba Sophia. Whatever happens, I will never call her cousin."

CHAPTER VII.

A SKETCHING TOUR.

THE warm summer days had come, and Mrs. Roseveldt abandoned the pretty villa and established herself at Scheveningen, at the Grand Hôtel des Bains, and to profit by Mr. Zilcken's lessons, the girls were obliged every day to make the long trip on the tramway. Occasionally he brought the class out to them, and they met on the seashore and sketched the fishing-boats, or hired some picturesque fishwife to pose for them with her creel on her hip or shoulder. Milly became friendly with the peasants, and would visit their

uncomfortable little huts, always leaving some joyful souvenir of her coming.

She had always loved peasant interiors as painted by Dutch artists, and through the privileges which Mr. Zilcken's friendship had made possible, she had studied at the Hague the manner of work of two of the characteristic painters of the peasant life of Holland. The first was Josef Israels, who paints with such mastery all the gloom and tragedy of the life of the very poor. Milly was fascinated by his gloomy paintings—gloomy in color, and darker still in subject and feeling. She had no desire to imitate them, but she was thrilled in their contemplation as by the reading of a powerful story of Tolstoï's or Zola's, and she felt her eyes suffuse with tears and her heart burn with revolt that human beings must lead such lives of privation, ignorance, and misery in God's beautiful world. The second painter of peasant life viewed his subjects from a different standpoint.

Blommers is an optimist, a happy, affectionate man. All of his views of the outside world are colored by his own domestic experience ; so when he shows us " the huts where poor men

lie," they are always illumined with some suggestion of love and self-sacrifice that throws a kindly sunbeam across the gloom. Blommers's interiors are not all studied from the homes of real peasants. At the end of his studio he has had built a low-ceiled dark room, with fireplace and the poor furnishings of a peasant's house--a shelf of coarse blue Delft, a quaint cradle, and a rich brown coloring in the walls, as of old stained timber, with a cross light from the greenish panes of a little window, with a shelf for plants, and cheap scrap of curtain. But in these surroundings Blommers would pose a widower, clumsily trying to feed his baby, and surrounded by a troop of pretty, blond headed children, or an old woman, not desolate and alone, but teaching her little granddaughter to knit, or tenderly waited upon by the same white-capped little maiden—enough of pathos to touch the heart, but enough of affection, too, to satisfy it.

The girls found the same qualities in the paintings of Artz, who died recently. The little shop kept by his widow, at No. 19 Laan Van Meedervoort, was a favorite resort of theirs. Mr. Zilcken told them a pretty story about its

MOTHERLESS.

(From painting by D. A. C. Artz.)

opening, which spoke well of the fraternal feeling existing among the artists at the Hague.

Artz had been a kindly, hospitable man in his lifetime, feasting his fellows at his board, and never refusing a call for charity. He had lived as the birds live, neither sowing nor gathering into barns, and when he died suddenly, still a young man, there was no money put aside for his widow. But he had been a worker, and there were a good many unsold pictures, and Mrs. Artz held a sale in her parlors. Then it was that Artz's fellow-artists did a beautiful thing. Each brought a picture of his own to add *éclat* to the collection, and Mr. Mesdag set the tide of connoisseurs in the direction of the sale by himself buying largely. Mrs. Artz did a rushing business for a few days, and showed herself a woman of no mean business ability, whereupon the artists held a little council and decided to keep Mrs. Artz supplied with paintings to sell on commission, with the result that at her little picture-shop one can frequently pick up better examples of modern Dutch art than anywhere else in the Hague.

Jacob Maris, whose romantic landscapes are so popular that they are ordered by dealers

long before they are completed, never leaves Mrs. Artz without a specimen of his delightful work, and in some way it is not "the commercial picture" that finds its way into her little parlors. It is as though the gentle ghost of Artz still haunted the rooms and his brothers were ashamed to place before its clear gaze any but their best work.

Just as Winnie had come to the conclusion that she must go to Leyden and hunt up Mejuffrouw Van Pieterzoon, and all Milly's objections to Laren had been swept away, and even Mrs. Roseveldt was willing to confess that she had had all the society she wished—just at this favorable juncture Mr. Zilcken proposed a sketching tour.

"We will go first to Katwyk," he suggested, "then by way of Leyden and Haarlem to Amsterdam, where we will spend a few days studying the paintings at the Ryks Museum, and then we will sketch for a time near the city, either at Marken, where are to be found the quaintest costumes in Holland, or at Laren, where there is a delightful artist colony."

This proposition was accepted with alacrity by the larger part of the class, and the first re-

move was made in early July. Katwyk is a plainer watering-place than Scheveningen, only six miles from Leyden, with which it communicates by steamer and by tramway. It is noted for its great sluice-gates at the mouth of a canal leading from the Rhine to the sea, and its imposing dykes, which at high tide protect the country from the sea. It seemed very odd to them all at first to look up and see the ships sailing on the other side of the dyke at a higher level than that on which they were standing. They could appreciate the heroic struggle which Holland has maintained against the sea. We have all noticed how many of the names of Dutch cities end in dam—Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Zaandam, Edam, Schiedam, Leerdam, Spaarndam, and many others—but perhaps we have not realized that the town was so named because situated at a dam of the river suggested by the first part of the name. A most admirable book, "Brave Little Holland," by William Elliot Griffis, gives in brief compass the details of the evolution of the physical and political Holland, and draws our attention to many of these suggestive peculiarities of names, in which a history is sometimes epitomized in a

word. It tells us how the coats-of-arms of the towns tell of this constant fight and victory over water. Rotterdam's arms are silver and green, a river between fields, the crest of Zeeland, a lion riding the waves, with the words, "*Luctor et emergo*" ("I struggle, but I emerge").

Canals and dykes, dykes and canals were everywhere characteristic features of the landscape. The great canals served as roads and highways, the small as fences dividing property, and both as drains to the water-sogged land. Windmills were constantly seen, some of them used to pump water from a lake or flooded district into the canals, and others for sawing lumber or grinding grain. They were so common that they ceased to seem picturesque, and the students would not take them into account in choosing a subject for a sketch unless there was an unusually ancient one in the neighborhood. They were, roughly speaking, of two styles: the Holland windmill proper being a round tower of brick, with vanes of painted sailcloth stretched on iron, the Belgian mill a more picturesque and primitive affair, resembling a log cabin or corn-bin mounted on stilts.

The peasants at Katwyk dressed more elaborately than the fishwives of Scheveningen. They wore pretty lace caps with a strange metal skull-cap inside, and filigree stick-pins with golden ornaments, like earrings, dangling on each side of the face. They had a buxom, well-to-do look, which told of easier lives than the hungry-faced children of the sea, and were often not only pretty, but saucy, laughing, and chaffing over their half-work, half-play, the whole day long. It seemed to Winnie that the Dutch housewife was always busy, always hustling her family about, and whenever there was nothing else to do, she insisted on their dashing tubs of water upon the floor and walls, and scrubbing.

"Why they don't all die of pneumonia, consumption, or whooping-cough, I am sure I cannot tell," said Milly; "for it must be very unwholesome to live in such damp houses."

They had settled themselves in a pleasant little inn, and had begun sketching on the very day of their arrival, and Winnie was so interested in her work that she continually put off going to Leyden to call on Mejuffrouw Van Pieterzoon. They had passed through the city

on their way to Katwyk, but had made no stop, though the place had impressed them pleasantly with its sightly "burg" in the centre.

A pretty peasant girl came every day to pose for them in her *kirmesse*, or holiday fair costume. Winnie had posed her on the top of the dyke waving her apron to an imaginary boat. An old lady who lived in the next country house, an absurd little construction, with "Mijn Lust en Leven" in ornamental letters over the gate, was much interested in their proceedings, and watched them at first from her window through a long spy-glass, but gradually, her curiosity getting the better of her, she strolled carelessly in her garden, always stopping at the nearest point to gaze at the group from over her hedge. The motto over the gate was a custom frequently adopted by the owners of country houses. In this instance it signified "My pleasure and life," but the girls not knowing the fashion, imagined it to be the name of the owner, and always spoke of the old lady as Miss Lucy Leven.

"Miss Leven" could not imagine why the little peasant girl should be forever signalling some one at sea. She concluded finally that

they wished to secure a pleasure-boat to go out in, and as they had such poor success in their attempts to attract the attention of the boatmen she resolved to help them, and came to their aid one afternoon armed with a speaking-trumpet, and was much disgusted when Winnie explained that it was only make-believe for a picture. On another day it happened that the little Dutch maiden did not come, and as her gala costume had been left at the inn, Milly donned it and posed for Winnie.

"Miss Lucy Leven is beckoning to me from over the hedge," she said to Winnie. "May I leave long enough to see what she wants?"

Miss Leven addressed her in Dutch (much to Milly's surprise, for she had spoken to them in English the day before), and held out to her at arm's length an odd little cage, which Milly supposed contained a bird or some pet animal. Seeing that she was expected to take it, Milly grasped the cage, only to drop it instantly, for it was quite hot. The old lady seemed very angry at her stupidity, and scolded her roundly. The cage was a *stoofje*, or foot-stove, which the old lady had her servant carry before her to church every Sunday, and which she had

offered Milly, as she was fearful that she might take cold from standing so long on the damp ground. She supposed, not unnaturally from her costume, that she was a Dutch girl, and this was why she had addressed her in Dutch. If Milly had but known, she had also inveighed very sternly against the selfishness and thoughtlessness of these giddy Americans, who made poor girls risk their health by doing such senseless things. Milly picked up the foot-stove by the handle, and grasping the situation at the same time, thanked Miss Leven with a pretty courtesy and smile, and carried the *stoofje* back to the spot where she had been posing. Here, as she was standing in wooden sabots and felt no need of its kindly warmth, she gave it to Winnie, who made use of it unconsciously, and further augmented the old lady's indignation against her heartlessness. When Milly returned the object, she called her in, and insisted on her drinking some hot mulled wine and eating some *kaneel-koekjes* (cinnamon cakes). Out of mischief, Milly did not undeceive her, and as Miss Leven was a good talker herself, she remarked on Milly's taciturnity, "Only to think what a respectful child it was not to be

thrusting in remarks when its elders were speaking."

As their stay a Katwyk drew near to its close, Winnie tore herself from her absorbing sketching and took the tram to Leyden to look up Mejuffrouw Van Pieterzoon. What was her disappointment to find the respectable brick house closed for the summer. It was evident that its owner had gone, and Winnie might have had no clew as to her whereabouts had it not occurred to her to inquire at an apothecary's shop, which seemed to be a sort of annex to the mansion. As elsewhere in Holland, the shop was designated, not by a mortar and pestle, but by a *gaper*, or painted wooden head of a Moor. There was a rusty sign under the head explaining that Dr. Van Pieterzoon would receive his patients in the back parlor at certain hours. Winnie boldly entered and inquired for Dr. Silva Van Pieterzoon, her heart quaking, for if a physician of that name had been found there was no hope for Van. The druggist's clerk laughed at her inquiry.

"That Dr. Van Pieterzoon was long ago received by his patients in heaven," said the clerk. "He had sent them all on before him,

like most doctors, but his granddaughter will not allow the sign to be taken down, though there's not a doctor by that name in all Holland. She says one will come, and I will yet live to make out his prescriptions."

"Where is Mejuffrouw Van Pieterzoon?" Winnie asked.

"Why, at her *buite uplaats* [country house] at Katwyk, of course," and the boy wrote the address on a card and handed it to her.

This was encouraging news, and after a turn about the city to visit the museums, and the hall of the university with its portraits of its famous professors, from Scaliger down to those of the present day, and a glance at the hot-houses in the great Botanic Garden, Winnie returned to Katwyk.

Milly was interested in the account of her search, and looking at the card which Winnie handed her, exclaimed, "Why, she must live with our peculiar neighbor!" There was the inscription under Miss Van Pieterzoon's name, "Mijn Lust en Leven."

"You must go with me, Milly, for Miss Leven is already interested in you as a little Dutch girl, and if Mejuffrouw Van Pieterzoon

lives with her, it will be nice to have her as an ally."

The girls accordingly set out together to make their call.

"Would it not be a blow," Milly remarked, "if we found out that Miss Van Pieterzoon does not speak English."

"Nearly every educated person in Holland does," Winnie replied; "besides, if she does not, Miss Leven can translate."

They asked for Mejuffrouw Van Pieterzoon, and were shown by the maid into the neatest and gayest of tiny parlors. In a moment their eccentric neighbor appeared. She walked as if she had springs in her heels, and she had a bird-like manner of glancing at you, in a sharp, penetrating way, with her head on one side. She smiled when she recognized Milly, scowled at Winnie, and then lifted her eyebrows interrogatively.

"We wished to see Mejuffrouw Silva Van Pieterzoon," Winnie remarked.

"So I understood," said the old lady. "You have seen me a great many times before, however, so I imagine you want to do something more than see this time. Ah, what have

you done with your little model? Why do you dress her up in a style so unbecoming to her? My dear, if you knew how much more picturesque you are in your own national costume, you would never ape foreign fashions."

Milly laughed good-humoredly. "We have both of us been mistaken, dear Miss Van Pieterzoon. We thought you were Miss Leven, and you thought me a Dutch girl. I think it quite a compliment, for they are all so pretty, and I do agree with you that the costume is more picturesque; but, unfortunately, I have no right to wear it, as I am an American."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mejuffrouw. "Not one of those wandering, homeless, mannerless creatures, with no ancestors and too many children, without beginning and without end; more's the pity, say I."

Winnie flushed and was about to speak, but Milly trod on her foot firmly. "Dear Miss Van Pieterzoon," she said, "some of us in New York are so fortunate as to have ancestors, and good Dutch ones, too."

"And your nephew, Mr. Piet Van Pieterzoon, of Amsterdam, was very anxious that one

of these Dutch American families should not be without end," Winnie added.

"What do you know of my nephew?" the old lady asked sharply. "No, let the little one talk; I like her better."

"We crossed the ocean with him, Mejuffrouw; and has not your grandnephew, Lieutenant Dirk Van Pieterzoon, written you about us?"

"Oh, ho! so you are the American claimants. Well, I thought you looked Dutch, and the other one must have more of the Spanish strain. She is Catholic, I presume; she looks as if she might believe in the Inquisition. I hate all foreigners, especially Spaniards; but I always try to remember that it isn't their fault. I am half Spanish myself, and I always acknowledge it. Well, have you brought the papers? I presume they are all right, but I must look them over before I can recognize you as my relations."

"But, Mejuffrouw, we are not descended from your family; we are simply the friends of a lady, Mrs. Van Silver, of New York, who with her son may prove to be distant relatives of yours. We have brought the papers, and

with your permission will leave them; and if you care to see us after you have read them and send word to the inn, we will call again."

"There, there, what is your hurry? Joanna will give you a cup of tea while I am looking them over. They are not so long as the doings of the East India Company. Go out and look at yourselves in the quicksilver ball in the garden, and don't get angry when you see how absurd you look. The tea will be ready when you come back, and I shall have read enough to know whether I want to see you again. If I think you are impostors, you will find your papers on that table, but no tea. If they seem reasonable, we'll talk it over."

The girls strayed into the garden.

"What a funny old thing she is!" said Milly.

"Delicious," Winnie replied. "I wonder what makes her hate me so; but I shall win her over—she stimulates me to effort. Just look at this ball! Fancy if one really looked like that!"

"Well, are you never coming?" shrieked a voice from the door. "Are you so fascinated with your good looks that you can't tear your-

selves away? That ball is a great resource. I always send children out to amuse themselves by staring at it. Children and bores, who talk me tired, and people who can't converse at all. It's a great resource. I've looked over the papers, and the tea is ready. They are not counterfeit. Now, the next thing is, prove that they are not stolen."

The girls looked at her in blank surprise.

"Can't you understand?" she repeated. "These papers are genuine—they were written by our own people; they bear internal proofs that will be accepted by the family; but how do I know"—here she shook the tea-bell sternly at Winnie—"how do I know that you have any right to the name of Silva Van Pieterzoon, or of Van Silver, which seems to be the nearest that these Americans could come to the spelling. Very likely you would give a good deal to be a Van Silver; but are you one, tell me that? Have you or have you not assumed the name?"

"I have told you all along," Winnie replied, "that I do not belong to the family. I am *not* a Van Silver, and have no intentions—" here a realization that she did intend to assume that

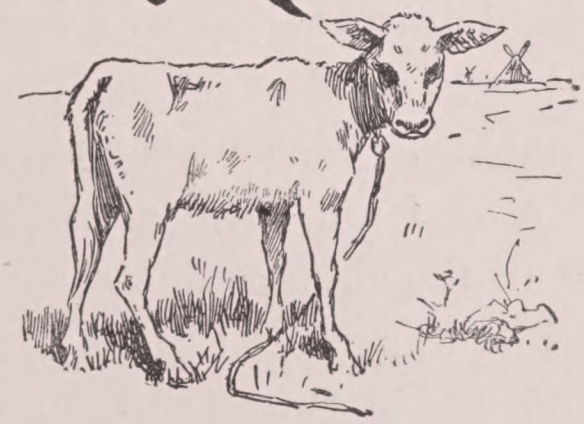
name at some future period made her break down and blush painfully.

Milly interfered in her behalf. "The Van Silvers are in New York, Mejuffrouw; but when the son comes here, as he will if you desire it, he will bring ample proof of his right to the name he bears and to the possession of these papers. He will also bring the face of an old Dutch clock bearing the coat-of-arms of your family—an uprooted tree and a frisky calf. Lieutenant Van Pieterzoon said you would tell us how these came to be emblems of your house."

"Certainly; but you have not told me how you like your tea—just like my Nephew Piet; and I am sure that our Spanish ancestor must have taken his tea without sugar, too, because all the rest of our family like it very sweet. You are quite right in your guess that the tree torn up by the roots signified a transplanted stock. Silva comes from the Latin word, a grove, a tree; but the calf—no one could guess how he jumped over our coat-of-arms, and I don't wonder that you ask."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE STORY OF THE CALF.



MEJUFFROUW SILVA VAN PIETERZOON drank her tea reflectively and deliberately, and then continued: "It happened at the siege of Leyden. My foreign ancestor was left to die by the Spaniards, and saved by my Dutch ancestors along with the calf. At the time they had no idea of saving my foreign ancestor's life, but only the calf's life, for my Dutch ancestor had gone in search of the calf, and had no idea that my foreign ancestor was there; nor, indeed, when he found him did he have any idea that he was my ancestor, and he was not at that time, of course.

My Dutch great-grandfather always regarded him as a prodigal son—not as his own son, but as the prodigal son of some one else; and as the prodigal had lost his leg and could not immediately go home to his father, my Dutch ancestor determined to be a temporary and substitutionary father to him. And this accounts for his enigmatical remark when he returned to Leyden after his morning's search for the calf. 'Have you found the calf?' asked my Dutch ancestress. 'Yes,' replied my Dutch ancestor; 'but is there any reason why we should kill the prodigal because the calf has come home?'

"This was a very noble decision on the part of my Dutch ancestor, as I am sure you will allow when I tell you all the circumstances.

"It was in our terrible war against Spain for independence, when our noble Dutch ancestors under William the Silent, Prince of Orange, drove the Duke of Alva and his Spanish invaders out of Holland, and taught King Philip that he could not fasten the Inquisition on a free Protestant people. Ah! but they had a tough job of it, for those Spaniards did not make play of their fighting, and they outnum-

bered our army many times over. It was war to the death, with no mercy for the vanquished. You have heard of the sack of Antwerp in November, 1576?

"Fighting was the Spaniard's business; he knew it well, and we knew that he knew it. Just to say that the Spaniards were coming in those days was to paralyze with terror. At the taking of Antwerp, which has always been known as the Spanish Fury, eight thousand persons were massacred. One says the figures very quietly, but eight thousand is a vast multitude. They were not killed in the onslaught, while opposing the entrance of the Spaniards. Oh, no! The number slain before the city was taken was trifling. And how many of the Spaniards had they killed, think you? Only two hundred. That was because those stupid men of Antwerp had not profited, as we in the north, by the lessons which the Spaniards gave us. We turned the tables, and changed the relationship of those numbers. Do you remember the siege of Haarlem?"

Winnie knitted her brows. "I thought that ended in a very similar way to that of Antwerp," she replied.

The old lady smiled grimly. "Then you have read your history illy. How long did thirty thousand of the best Spanish troops have to besiege Haarlem? Seven good months, during which time twelve thousand were killed, or died of disease. And what was our loss? Two thousand three hundred killed in fair fight, and as many more murdered after they had surrendered on promise of clemency. Oh, it was not because the Spaniards were so kind that so few were killed after the city was in their power, but because Haarlem was the weakest city in Holland! They slew the entire garrison, with the exception of six hundred Germans, who were parolled. You see we had learned how to fight, and they paid for their victory with three men to our one. We had a corps of three hundred fighting women. The captain was Kenau Hasselaer, a lady of about forty-seven years of age, and her soldiers were like her, in that they were all of mature age, respectable, and as brave and as efficient as the men. They had learned to play at quoits very skilfully, and this accomplishment was most useful."

"How so," asked Winnie; "did they throw iron quoits at the besiegers?"

"No; they tarred barrel and cask hoops, set them on fire, and before they had time to burn their own fingers, threw them gracefully over the necks of the foremost of the Spanish besiegers. How it made the women laugh to see the old soldiers pause in their mad assault and try to rid themselves of their fiery necklaces! Many a beard was more than singed, I promise you.

"Even the children were made useful in fetching and carrying food and ammunition. For a long time the investment of the city was not complete, and across the frozen Haarlem lake the peasants skated at night, dragging after them sledges filled with provisions, which they secretly introduced into the city. At first we had a great advantage over the Spaniards in any encounter on the frozen canals or lakes, for every man, woman, and child in Holland can skate, while the Spanish cavalry could not be used on the ice, and even the infantry made a ludicrous appearance, slipping and stumbling with stockings drawn over their top-boots, to give them a surer foothold, while our soldiers could charge on skates or skim about like gnats in the sunshine, and in retreat at once distance

their clumsy pursuers. But the Duke of Alva soon provided his army with skates, and caused them to practise until they, too, could manœuvre upon the ice, though they were always more awkward than our own people. The manufacturer who made the skates for the Spanish army made a fortune, but was justly slain by his infuriated countrymen.

"But it is not of the siege of Haarlem that I wanted to tell you, but of the experiences of my ancestors, both Dutch and Spanish, at Leyden, and how it came about that to the memorable siege of 1574 (and to the calf) I owe the fact that I have a strain of Spanish blood in my veins. My Dutch ancestor, Pieter Van Pieterzoon, was a worthy burgher, a man of substance, whose loyalty and honor were alike unquestioned. He was a cloth merchant, and had a substantial town house in Leyden, near the Burg; but he had also a little country house and dairy farm two miles outside the city, near the Castle of Lammen, which the Spaniards had fortified, quite early in the siege, as one of their sixty-two girdling redoubts. They had surrounded the city so suddenly and unexpectedly, that my Dutch ancestor's cowherd, who escaped

with his life alone, had not had time to drive the cattle into the city, and they were all seized by the Spaniards, and all eaten by them with the exception of the calf, which happened to be left to the last, and was forgotten by them when it was their turn to flee in haste.

"It was the 26th of May when Valdez appeared before the city with his eight thousand soldiers and invested it, shutting Leyden off from all relief. In the city there were only a small corps of freebooters and five companies of the burgher guard, commanded by John Van der Does, Seigneur of Nordwyck. They had the example of their near neighbor, Haarlem, and the sad fate which befell it for resisting; but Burgomeister Van der Werf was stout of heart, and when William of Orange sent a message into the city by a carrier pigeon, entreating them to hold out for three months, and promising them relief at the end of that time, the burghers of Leyden voted unanimously to sustain the siege. All the provisions were purchased by the authorities and issued in strict allowance—half a pound of meat and half a pound of bread to each man daily. There was enough for three months—but would

they be delivered at the end of that time? Leyden had already sustained a siege, which the Spanish army had given up, as they had been called away from the city; but they had come now to stay. Each day the Spaniards received reinforcements, each day the forts around the city grew stronger. The army of the Prince of Orange could never force its way through, and there was no hope of foreign aid; and even if a fleet wished to land, the Spaniards held the entire stretch of the nearest coast, from the Hague to Vlaarndingen. Leyden itself was an inland city, lying in the midst of fertile meadows and broad lakes, locked in the arms of the sleepy Rhine, which divided here into many small streams connected by canals, and zigzagged irresolutely about, losing itself in irrigation and half inclined to seek no outlet whatever. This gave beautiful surburban gardens and orchards, and the canals in the streets of the city itself were overhung with the soft foliage of willows or guarded by sentinel poplars. It was all lovely and peaceful, but it might have been a trifle monotonous had it not been for the Burg, a ruined tower of great age, which stood on a hill in the centre of the city

—a hill overgrown with ancient oaks. This tower gave a magnificent lookout, from which the level horizon could be scanned for miles in every direction. Here an incessant watch was kept during the anxious days that followed for that promised help which was so slow in coming.

"The Prince of Orange and his little army were at Delft and at Rotterdam, with all the Spanish forces between him and Leyden. The only reinforcements which the prince could expect was from the fleet. Admiral Boisot had been performing exploits with the navy, but the Hague, and, indeed, the entire coast line was too strongly garrisoned for him to land near Leyden. But the prince had not reckoned wildly. He had counted on the coming of a reliable and irresistible force—a force deadly alike in its indiscriminate slaughter of friend and foe, but more to be dreaded in their present situation by the besiegers than by Leyden. Engineering had reached a scientific accuracy at this time in Holland, and the government engineers knew exactly just what sections of country were below the sea-level. They knew that such a sunken tract stretched from the

banks of the Yesel, whose dykes were held by the prince's forces, straight to the city of Leyden itself, which stands on slightly higher ground, protected by dykes of its own against any great inundation. They had maps of all of these different levels, and knew what portions of Holland would be inundated if the waters were let in. In July the estates consented to this desperate plan. They would give back their country to the ocean, and drown the Spaniards out. Proclamations were made of the enterprise, and the inhabitants of the doomed districts allowed time to remove. The Spaniards, who saw them going, believed it an empty threat, a feint to accomplish their retreat, and they remained. Subscriptions were made throughout the country to carry on the work of devastation, and on the 3d of August the Prince of Orange superintended the breaking of the dykes; at the same time the sluice-gates were all opened, and the ocean began to roll in. The inhabitants of Leyden were informed of these proceedings by carrier-pigeons, some of which were shot by the Spaniards, who thus received the same intelligence. But it was now the third month of the siege, and the

AT ANCHOR.

(From photograph from nature, by Alfred Stieglitz)

waters advanced very slowly. How long would it take them to reach Leyden? Would they reach the city at all? Were not the engineers mistaken in their calculations, and would not the numerous rivers drain the pastures faster than the advancing tide could flood them or the vast extent of territory to be submerged dissipate or turn aside the creeping currents? The Spaniards still laughed incredulously. My Dutch ancestors strained their eyes in vain for any glint of the setting sun on the shallowest, most sluggish ooze on those sandy dunes to seaward, where the sedges waved and the dry sand was blown about by the light breeze. Meantime, Admiral Boisot had collected a fleet of more than two hundred vessels, manned with twenty-five hundred fighting men, many of whom were wild Zealanders, ferocious pirates, wearing crescents in their caps with the inscription, 'Rather Turkish than Popish.' They were called 'Sea Beggars,' and were never known to give quarter.

"'Wild was the life they led,
Many the souls that sped
'Neath their stern orders.'

"This fleet was creeping slowly along on the

tide, but was stopped by the Land Scheiding, a strong dyke five miles from Leyden. This was the outermost of the works with which Leyden was protected from inundation. Between the Land Scheiding and Leyden were several of these encircling dykes, and on and between them was the chain of sixty-two forts held by the Spaniards. The dykes must all be cut through before the flotilla could advance, and the Spaniards would oppose to the death the entrance of their double enemy. The Land Scheiding stood intact one and a half feet out of water on the 10th of September, and the waters seemed to be falling rather than rising. The city had endured the siege for nearly four months, and famine had begun to prey upon it. It was necessary that whatever was to be done should be done quickly. The naval forces made a landing upon the dyke under cover of the night, and fortified themselves upon it. The next morning they were attacked by the Spaniards, who endeavored, without success, to dislodge them from so advantageous a position. The navy held the dyke, and having driven the Spanish soldiers back to their redoubts, hewed great gaps in the dykes, through

which the waters poured, and presently the fleet was able to enter. But Admiral Boisot saw, to his consternation, that the way was not open before him, as he fancied it would be, straight to the city. Another dyke, the 'Green Way,' only three quarters of a mile further on, barred the way. He was caught in a sort of trap, like the locks of a canal; but he carried this barricade as he had the Land Scheiding, and promptly burst his way through. My Dutch ancestor, with his long spy-glass, had been watching the approach of the fleet, and after it had passed the Green Way, it must have been plainly visible with a powerful glass."

Winnie did not interrupt the good lady to object that the telescope was not invented until sixteen years later. After all, it was a Zealander, Zacharias Jansens, who invented it, and possibly some advance models had been circulated among his friends before the invention was formally given to the world. Mejuffrouw proceeded calmly, her knitting-needles keeping up an accompaniment to her recital.

"About half-way between the Land Scheiding and the city lay a large lake, into which the admiral desired to sail; but though the

water of the advancing ocean had penetrated the Green Way, it had spread over so vast an area that it was not deep enough to float the ships, and the lake lay beyond his reach. The wind, too, blew from the east, driving back the salt water as it lazily lapped at the breaches in the Green Way, and causing the shallows within to sink rather than rise. The trap was complete, and the fleet was stuck fast in the mud, with the exception of a few ships which had found their way on their first entrance into a canal. This canal led to the lake, which was, however, guarded by a bridge, which was strongly fortified with artillery. The ships attacked the bridge again and again, but forced by the narrowness of the canal to advance in single file, they were as repeatedly driven back.

"It was just here, at this bridge, that my Spanish ancestor that was to be, Juan Bautista Silva, was stationed, and saw his first fighting at the siege of Leyden. He was a mere boy of twenty, who had come out with Count Borgia to be instructed in arms; but he was valorous and reckless, and he worked hard at the guns and did the Zealand corsairs much mischief. For a week the two armies occupied these positions.

"There was just enough water and mud around the ships to prevent the Spaniards from wading through and charging upon them, as my Spanish ancestor was eager to do, and the canal was an equally disadvantageous situation for a battle. My Dutch ancestors and the other good people of Leyden were now becoming desperate. Hope had been high since the fleet appeared in sight, but one cannot live on hope without bread. Earnestly they prayed for a change in the direction of the wind, and on the 18th it shifted to the northwest, and for three days blew furiously ; the white caps tossed on the meadows without, and came leaping over the broken barriers and pouring through the breaches. Steadily the waters rose and lifted the good ships in their arms, while the gale filled the sails and wafted the fleet straight on into the desired lake and over a low dyke that rose beyond it. The Spaniards fled to the fortresses of Zoeterwonde, Lammen, and Leyderdorp, inside the fourth and last dyke, called the Kirkway. They were being gradually driven in, and were now compressed in a space of less than two miles in width between the advancing waters and the city. It seemed to my Spanish

ancestor and to other spirits equally fiery that it was quite time to sound the assault upon the city, and that they would soon be driven to this as an escape from their encroaching foes. But the Spanish commander, Valdez, felt that the auspicious moment had not yet arrived. The Kirkway was a strong, high dyke, and as the fleet approached it, the wind shifted and the waters fell, leaving the Dutch ships stranded once more. Valdez felt that there was an army within the city commanded by Death and armed with famine and pestilence which was fighting for him. It was better to delay his attack until these allies had enfeebled the garrison to the last degree, until possibly they would capitulate, and he could enter without a stroke. My Spanish ancestor was chafing at the delay one evening, when a Saracen slave of Count Borgia's told his fortune, and cheered him by the assurance that before another moon he would be quartered within the city, on one of the wealthiest of its burghers, eating of the best food, and making love to his host's pretty daughter. And this prophecy came to pass in a marvellous manner, though he was the only Spaniard of whom it could have been made.

"All this time the poor citizens of Leyden were tried to the utmost. Admiral Boisot sent a letter into the city by a carrier-pigeon describing the situation and bidding them be of good cheer, their succor depending only on the wind. His men were hard at work demolishing the Kirkway, but the fleet could not enter through its breaches until the tides led the way. The winds were masters of the tides, and God was Master of the wind; they must patiently wait on God.

"Wait! had they not waited, had they not besought God until it seemed that He must be deaf or turned against them? How could they wait longer, when they were now actually starving? My Dutch ancestor had drawn his last ration of horse flesh and malt cake. The pet dog and cat had been killed and eaten. The boys hunted in the sewers, and occasionally brought in a thin rat. Mevrouw Van Pieterzoon made a watery soup from the leaves of some of the trees. Every day the watchmen in their rounds reported people dying in the streets from starvation and the plague, which was now raging to such an extent some eight thousand died of it. When the burgomaster passed

through the streets one day some dying wretches reproached him for holding out, and followed him with their curses until he reached the church of St. Pancras. My Dutch ancestor has written in his diary how heroic he looked as, standing on the church-steps, Adrian Van der Werf faced the mob which had gathered in the little square, and made that speech which has made him glorious: 'I tell you, my friends, I have made an oath to hold the city, and may God give me strength to keep my oath. I can but die once. Here is my sword; plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender while I remain alive.' Then the crowd vowed to stand by the burgomaster, and mounting to the walls, they yelled defiance to the Spaniards, and Pieter Van Pieterzoon came home to cheer his hungry family with the news.

"'Nevertheless,' said Mevrouw Pieterzoon, 'I would feel happier did I not know that the Spaniards at Lammen were feasting on our cows.' 'They will not feast long,' said my Dutch ancestor. 'It is time for the equinoctial gale, and we shall soon sing, "Praise the Lord, all the deeps, stormy wind fulfilling His word."

"But it was hard to keep up faith and courage when there was nothing to do but to wait and starve. On the 28th of September Admiral Boisot sent a letter to the commander of the Leyden forces, Jan Van der Does, assuring him that in a very few days relief would enter the city. The letter was not only cheerful, it was merry. The admiral invited himself to dine at the commander's house, but bade him not worry his cook to provide good cheer, as he would bring his own dinner with him, and likewise dinners for many a day to come for all the good people of Leyden, as ships laden with bread and meat, collected by the estates, were waiting just behind the men-of-war, and ready to enter with them. The letter was read in the market-place, and the bells of the city rung for joy. But at the same time the admiral wrote the Prince of Orange a letter of a very different tenor, saying that the waters were sinking rather than rising, and that if the spring tide did not immediately come, together with a strong wind from the sea, the expedition must be abandoned, and Leyden left to its fate. The equinoctial gale came on the night of the 1st and 2d of October, 'storming from the northwest, then

blowing more violently from the southwest. The waters of the North Sea,' says Motley, 'were piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland, and then dashed furiously landward, the ocean rising over the earth, and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dykes.'

"The sea swept through the Kirkway, bringing the fleet with it in the dead of night, their approach covered by the darkness and the noise of the storm. But the Spaniards had collected such small vessels as could be found, and had stationed them as sentinels in the canals between the Kirkway and the redoubts. These challenged the advancing fleet, and there was a fierce naval battle in the darkness, lighted by the flash of cannon, among the branches and chimneys of the half-submerged orchards and farm-houses. The Spanish boats were quickly sunk, and the fleet swept on toward the strong forts of Zoeterwoude and Lammen. They expected fierce fighting here, but panic had seized the Spaniards, borne by the announcement of their coming, which was heralded by the rising waters. An elevated road led from Zoeterwoude to the Kirkway dyke, and along the dyke in

the direction of the Hague. It had been already decided upon as a means of retreat should the siege be given up. When the dawn showed the Zealand ships close at hand, the Spaniards, without waiting for orders, dashed out of Zoeterwoude, and began a mad rout for the Kirkway. Their road was already hidden by the water. Many missed it and were drowned, and the Sea Beggars sprang from their ships and met them upon the dyke, hurling them from it into the water, where they speared them with harpoons and boat-hooks. The Spaniards cleared their way with desperation, and some escaped to the Hague ; but a thousand were drowned or killed. My Spanish ancestor was among the last to leave Zoeterwoude. Finding that there was no longer any escape on the Kirkway, for the ships were cannonading it, he turned with his comrades and fled toward Lammen in a small boat, which came drifting by at just the right moment. It seemed at first that it was only a death-trap, for some wild Zealanders, who were rowing about, soon spied and caught up with them, and made short work of his comrades, whom they hacked in pieces and cast into the water. As for the young boy,

they left him for dead, lying with five wounds in the bottom of the boat, and rowed away after other prey. The boat rocked along as gently as a cradle, borne by the advancing tide past the fortress of Lammen straight to the doors or rather the upper windows of my Dutch ancestor's country house, and here paused, caught in an angle of a dormer. Juan Bautista Silva came to his senses with the gentle shock of the boat's banging against the house, and sat up, looking about him quite bewildered, because all was so quiet and peaceful. He had the presence of mind to tie a scarf tightly above the wound in his leg, which was bleeding freely. Then he was startled by seeing a shaggy head protrude from the window close beside him, and hearing a voice bawl, 'Ma, maa!' He lay down quickly, fancying that this was excellent Dutch for some warlike challenge. Then, as no shot from an arquebus followed the outcry, he drew himself cautiously up, and saw to his surprise not an armed peasant, but the calf!

"The sagacious animal had entered the deserted house during the storm, and as the waters rose, had mounted the stairs. Having found nothing to eat, he was hungrily looking out

upon the waste of waters. My Spanish ancestor had learned to lassoo cattle in Spain, and he made a noose at the end of the boat's rope and threw it over the neck of the calf, which, frightened, beat a retreat, dragging the boat close up to the window-sill. Then, steadying himself with great difficulty, my Spanish ancestor was able to climb in, after which he fainted again from the pain and exertion. It was the calf that brought him to by licking his face ; so you see it was the calf which saved his life before the coming of my Dutch ancestors. All day he lay undiscovered and unvisited, except by some ducks, which swam up to the window and flew in. He was too weak to catch and kill them, but one laid an egg, which was his only food that day. The night was full of strange noises and sights. The water had penetrated a mine which the Spaniards had begun to make under the wall of the city, and loosening the foundations, a portion of the wall fell with a crash. Silva heard the reverberation, and fancied it an explosion. Great matters of some sort were transpiring. Was Count Borgia making an assault upon the city? How he longed to be with him, instead of penned like a

beast in a *basse cour*, the companion of ducks and a calf! Suddenly from the fort of Lammen, which rose black against the starry sky, he could see a torch-lighted procession flitting across the waters. He could make out the shadowy outlines of the troops huddled in flat boats rowed with muffled oars. But they were not moving in the direction of the city. No; it was the retreat of the main body of the Spanish army. He tried to throw himself into the boat, to shriek to attract the attention of his comrades. Vain attempt! He was too weak, and there were no oars in the boat. He watched the evacuation of the fortress in sullen despair. The next morning Boisot led his fleet to the storming of Lammen, expecting a fierce resistance. As he approached the fortress not a man appeared above the breastworks, not a shot was fired at the ships. The admiral could think of but one explanation as the breach in the city wall was pointed out to him. The Spaniards had left the fort to make a night attack upon Leyden, and were now strongly intrenched in the city, after having massacred its inhabitants. At that moment a boy was seen waving his cap from the battlements of Lammen, and assured

the soldiers on their landing that he had witnessed the retreat of the Spaniards. Boisot reassured, the fleet swept on to the city, the sailors throwing bread to every one that they passed.

"As soon as Juan Bautista Silva spied the approach of the Zealand privateers, he recognized his danger. Fortunately there was clothing hanging in the room, and stripping off his uniform, he put on a peasant's blouse, and unable to restrain his curiosity, dragged himself to the window. A man-of-war carrying great guns passed at close quarters, but instead of firing at him, one of the Zealanders tossed him a loaf of bread. This served him for several days, for the fever engendered by his wounds took away all hunger. Fortunately there was a large ewer of water on a washstand in the room, for the water which lapped the side of the house was salt and brackish. He poured out a little for the calf and gave the animal some of the crusts, for he was a tender-hearted man. For two days longer he lay there, and then my Dutch ancestor, having taken part in the rejoicings within the city and lifted up his voice in the thanksgiving hymn which the

hungry-eyed burghers had poured out in the old church, and the thanksgiving feast spread them by their deliverers, bethought himself of the herd of cows left at his dairy farm near Lammen, and set out in a little boat manned by two stout servants to visit his property. They rowed about over the deserted stalls of the stables—not a single pair of horns to be seen in any direction—when suddenly his ears were saluted by a welcome, 'Ma, maa!'

"It was the calf, which had spied him from the window, and whose bleating my Spanish ancestor was vainly endeavoring to stifle. Pieter Van Pieterzoon entered the room, and my Dutch and my Spanish ancestors stood for the first time face to face. Juan Bautista did not endeavor to deceive his captor, but handing him his pistol, surrendered in good order, sinking upon one knee. The attempt sent the blood spurting from the wound in his leg, and Pieter Van Pieterzoon was not the man to take advantage of an unarmed and wounded man. Calling his servants, they lifted the boy carefully into the boat and brought him and the calf back to Leyden.

"The young man was ill for weeks and

months ; his leg was twice amputated, for gangrene had set in. When he at last recovered and could be no longer secreted, the Spaniards had been driven from the land, and public sentiment could afford to be merciful. No one objected to his remaining in Leyden in the employ of Pieter Van Pieterzoon, and later on he married pretty Betje Van Pieterzoon and became, in fact (as I have rather anticipated the course of natural events in hitherto calling him), my Spanish ancestor.

"And the calf? No, it was not slain in the first rejoicings that celebrated the relief of the city, or to grace my Dutch ancestor's hospitable table on the celebration of the founding of the university on the 5th of February, 1575. After the dykes were reconstructed and the drowned land drained, the calf was taken back to the dairy-farm at Lammen, which was newly stocked with the best Dutch kine, and became the patriarch of a herd of cattle which took prizes for many years at the agricultural fairs. It became the ancestor, too, of the bull which Paul Potter painted seventy-five years later. The picture hangs in the gallery at the Hague, and is one of the glories of Holland. The

French robbed us of this great picture, and considered it the fourth in value of all the paintings in the Louvre; but they could not keep it. Holland offered 60,000 florins to Napoleon for its restoration."

"I have often wondered," said Winnie, "why that picture is considered such a marvel. You know De Amicis says, in his work on Holland, 'It lives, it breathes; with his bull Paul Potter has written the true idyll of Holland.' To me it is far too big and realistic. When I first entered the gallery I looked around for a fence to climb. Tell me, please, about the founding of the university. I remember that the Prince of Orange, as a reward for the heroism of the people of Leyden, offered them freedom from taxes, and that they thanked him, but said they would rather have a university. That was patriotic, for in their impoverished condition after the siege the taxes must have been a heavy burden."

"The university was well endowed and supplied with professors, and the day of its dedication was a great day for Leyden. It was almost the only pageant during all that weary

war. There was a grand procession, with floats and moving tableaux of mythological figures, of which the Dutch are so fond. Rubens himself used to design such tableaux, and nowhere were there such sumptuous street displays as in the Low Countries. A tradition remains in our family of this particular festival, for Betje Pieterzoon took part in it, and her father wrote out the programme in his own hand. As it was in honor of an institution of learning, it was necessary that everything should be severely classical. Early in the morning there was a solemn religious service at the church, and then the procession was formed. First marched the different companies of the military, then came the floats, each a gorgeous triumphal chariot drawn by four horses. The tableaux on them represented the different schools of the university—Divinity, Law, Medicine, and the School of Arts. The Divinity School was represented by the Holy Gospel, a female figure all in white attended by the four evangelists; the Law by Justice with sword and scales, mounted blindfold upon a unicorn—though I think almost any real beast would have been

more appropriate than that creature, which we know has no real existence. It makes one think that possibly they intended to imply that Justice herself was as little likely to be met with. Justice was attended by the most eminent classical jurists, and then followed Medicine, holding a garland of herbs and surrounded by Hippocrates, Galen, Dioscorides, and Theophrastus, with footmen and pike-bearers. Minerva came last, in armor and on horseback, with Aristotle, Plato, Cicero, and Virgil as her outriders, while the city band and city officials and the professors of the university, followed by the populace, were the rear-guard. This procession passed under triumphal arches, along the principal streets, and was met at the Nuns' Bridge by a magnificent barge bedecked with tapestry and garlands. Under a canopy sat Apollo, and beside him the Nine Muses, represented by nine of the most beautiful maidens of Leyden. My ancestress, Betje Van Pieterzoon, was one. The women of our family have always maintained the same type, and I am said to resemble her strongly, as you can see for yourself by studying her face, painted in

her old age by Frans Hals in a portrait-group of the regents of a hospital of which she was a patroness."

Winnie became much interested, after her visit to the galleries of Amsterdam and Haarlem, in the regent portraits of the Dutch school, and especially in those by Frans Hals representing the managers and lady managers of various old men's and old women's homes and other charitable institutions. She conceded the resemblance between Mejuffrouw Van Pieterzoon and her ancestress, but she could not help wondering how such a vinegar-faced old woman could ever have been one of the nine most beautiful maidens of Leyden, chosen to take part in a tableau as one of the muses. Mejuffrouw continued placidly as though there had been no diversion from her account of the celebration.

"My ancestress and her companions sang a cantata. The professors of the new university were brought forward, and were very ceremoniously and gravely kissed all around by Apollo and each of the muses.

"This proceeding is said to have so greatly

excited my Spanish ancestor, who viewed it from a window of the Pieterzoon mansion, that it caused an accession of his fever. He could never endure any allusion to the university, and especially to one red-headed and rather youthful professor, whose attentions to Betje Pieterzoon dated from this pageant, and continued until he was convinced by her marriage that there was no longer any hope for him. How angry my Spanish ancestor was when his eldest son insisted on entering the university, and how much angrier he would have been if he could have known that there would never be a period thereafter when the name of Silva Van Pieterzoon would not appear on the catalogue! Never until the present generation," and Mejuffrouw shook her head sadly. Then, suddenly remembering the news which Winnie had brought, she brightened up, and declared that she would immediately write to her American relations and urge them to come to Holland at once. "My grandnephew, Dirk the lieutenant, has written me that we can expect no help from him, for even should no other Van Pieterzoon be found willing to study medicine, he declares he will not; so our only hope is in

REGENT PIECE.

(Portrait of Lady Managers of an Institution.)

the American stock. The uprooted tree is doubly appropriate to them, for they have been twice transplanted, and will perhaps consent that the spade should for a third time be laid to the root of the tree. It is a pity that Cousin Piet has gone to Surinam, for he is the head of the house, and the new relatives must be recognized by him, and this his lawyer will never consent to do in his absence. But there are other lawyers in Holland, and the affair shall be settled forthwith."

Mejuffrouw during her long monologue had warmed to the girls, finding them good listeners, and remarked afterward that "even the red-headed one [meaning Winnie, who had scarcely spoken] was a very good talker."

During the remainder of their short stay at Katwyk she was most hospitable in her attentions, having them all to dine in her little country house, and frequently sitting with them while they were sketching. When they folded their umbrellas and camp-stools for the next stage of their pilgrimage, she was much distressed, and insisted that they should visit her in September. "When," said she, "I hope to have my American cousin with me, and that he

will be a regularly entered student of the University of Leyden."*

* The author acknowledges her indebtedness to Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic" for the historical facts of the siege of Leyden, and trusts that her young readers may be led by this slight story to enjoy that most fascinating of histories.

CHAPTER IX.

HAARLEM, AMSTERDAM, AND MARKEN.

EACH day at Katwyk had been enjoyable and improved, and there was plenty of material for a longer stay; but Mr. Zilcken was anxious that his class should see the collections at Haarlem and Amsterdam, and especially Frans Hals's noted regent pieces (or portraits of managers of charitable institutions and societies) in the Town Hall of Haarlem.

Frans Hals is conceded to be the greatest colorist of the Dutch School, with the exception of Rembrandt. He is known as the jovial

painter of Haarlem, for here in the first half of the seventeenth century he lived and painted convivial scenes and jolly faces. Alas! his own life, but for its marvellous talent and industry, was a sad one, for he drank deeply, and was even brought before the burgomaster for ill-treating the pretty wife whose portrait he has painted seated by his side and holding his hand most lovingly and merrily.

There are eight of this painter's large canvases in the Town Hall at Haarlem, each containing a large number of portraits, the figures grouped with great skill in a harmonious composition. The girls admired most the one representing a banquet of the officers of the arquebusiers of St. George for its depth and vigor of coloring; but there were individual faces in each of the other groups most interesting for their handling and for the character depicted in so masterly a manner. The lady managers of the different hospitals and *oudemannen* and *oudevrouwen* (old men and old women) homes were so dignified, self-righteous, and homely, their well-fed burgher husbands at their corporation banquets so convivial and handsome, that it was hardly a moral lesson in favor of

virtue, did one not consider that it is possible to be good without being hideous, and to be jolly without being a drunkard. The square on which the Town Hall fronted was surrounded by other interesting and historic buildings. One of these was the Groote Markt, considered the quaintest building and best specimen of the Dutch Renaissance in the entire country. It is built of stone and brick, with stepped gables and grotesque carvings. Beside it stood the Groote Kerk, a beautiful stone structure with ornate vaulting. The girls were pleased to find within a monument to the Engineer Conrad, who constructed the locks of Katwyk. Small models of ships suspended from the arches commemorated the fleet that sailed to the fifteenth crusade under Count William I. of Holland. They were shown a cannon-ball imbedded in the wall during the siege of the city.

After visiting these buildings they all drove out to the Rozenhagen, or nurseries, on the Schooterweeg. It was not the season for the blooming of tulips and hyacinths, when the fields about Haarlem are one brilliant patchwork of flamboyant color. The first tulip bulbs were brought to Holland from the Orient

by the crusaders, and their culture became a mania. "In 1636 and 1637," we are told, "tulips became as important an object of speculation as railway shares at the present day. The rarer bulbs often realized enormous prices. It is recorded that a Semper Augustus was sold for sixty-five hundred dollars, an Admiral Lifkens for twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars."

During this craze a sailor is said to have mistaken and eaten for an onion a tulip bulb worth twenty-five hundred dollars. There are altogether a thousand acres devoted to flower farming in the neighborhood of Haarlem. The flowers of the hyacinth, although rendering the air heavy with their perfume, have never been utilized by perfumers. Though hyacinth bulbs no longer bring five hundred dollars a piece as at one time, the Haarlem florists derive a good income from their sale. Great Britain orders a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of bulbs annually, and other countries are nearly as good buyers. France was always a patron in this respect.

Hothouses were invented in Holland, and were for a long time kept secret, but La Quin-

tinie, the florist at Versailles, during the reign of Louis XIV. imported them, as has been related in another volume, and it was the wonder of the court how he could serve the king with green peas and strawberries out of season.

Dr. Boerhaave, of Leyden, who, it is said, "by his books or lectures trained most of the famous physicians of Old and New England and Colonial New York, taught the hothouse men to adjust the slope of the glass according to the latitude, so as to get the maximum power of the sun's rays. One great florist in Haarlem had four greenhouses in which he kept the climates of the Levant, Africa, India, and America."

From this interesting town they passed on to Amsterdam, the chief commercial city of Holland. Here, though important business enterprises were carried on and vast fortunes made, there was no air of excitement or hurry. The ships dropped their sails in an idle fashion, as though they had drifted into a snug harbor where they intended to settle down until their mossy timbers rotted under the caresses of the sleepily lapping water. The warehouses and counting-houses had a deserted

look, the canals that threaded the town, giving to Amsterdam the name of the Venice of the North, added to the placid, calm effect of the picture. They were dark mirrors reflecting the tall, quaint houses perfectly, so that as the girls walked by their side and across the many bridges, they seemed to be living in a world upside down.

"It is more weird than Alice's experiences through the looking-glass," said Winnie. "People are walking about feet upward, bales are being hoisted downward into warehouse windows, dogcarts glide along like boats through the water, the dogs and horses apparently swimming along on their backs. Some one ought to write a fairy story about it."

The only time that Amsterdam awoke to bustle during their visit was in the evening on the Kalonstraat. Here are the principal jewellers' and silversmith shops and old curiosity dealers. Strangers do their shopping here, and here Mrs. Roseveldt picked up some fine specimens of old Dutch silver. The inhabitants make it a pleasure promenade after nine o'clock. Horses and vehicles are excluded from the street, so that groups of peasants in holiday

costume stroll, and even dance, in the middle of the thoroughfare. A group of buxom fishwives from Marken swept down the street as the class were looking into the shop-windows, and taking hold of hands they formed a chain from sidewalk to sidewalk, and suddenly caught a bashful young tourist who was attempting to walk in the other direction, and whirled him away with them quite against his will. Vainly he strove to break through. The women were stronger than he, and when he turned and attempted to flee in the other direction, he found that the line had joined around him, and that he was in the centre of a laughing, gibing circle playing an involuntary game, something like "Little Sally Waters." When this jovial tornado had swept away, cyclones of students and sailors and various guilds followed, all enjoying themselves in childish romping, as though it were the Corso in carnival time.

Their first trip from Amsterdam was to the island of Marken, in the Zuider Zee, by an excursion steamer leaving early in the morning and returning in the evening. The sail was a charming one, and the island was the most picturesque and curious place they had ever seen.

It is inhabited by a colony of fishermen, whose quaint boats, with weather-colored nets drying on their masts, are moored in the bay. The houses, or rather huts, are low and dark, but with rich, colorful interiors—many of them rich in old carved furniture, for the Marken people are well-to-do. They dress gorgeously: red petticoats extended over a fabulous number of underskirts, white chemisettes, velvet bodices covered with silver chains and ornaments, a long embroidered apron, odd caps with more ornaments of gold filigree.

Notwithstanding their wealth the Marken people are unconscionable beggars. They seem to regard tourists as their natural prey, and follow them about the island, the children begging for pennies and the older people offering articles for sale.

One old man came up to Milly and insisted that she should purchase a finely colored old meerschaum.

"What could I do with such a thing?" she asked. "I do not smoke."

"You could geef it to heem," the man replied in broken English.

It was evidently only a formula which he had

PORTRAIT OF ELIZABETH OF FRANCE, WIFE OF PHILIP IV. OF SPAIN, BY RUBENS.

found by experience would raise a laugh and sometimes effect a sale, but Milly turned away offended. She thought of the pipe afterward and of how Stacey would have prized its rare old carving. It would have been so easy to have bought it for him, and it was hard to think that she could never give herself the pleasure of pleasing him.

Winnie made one sketch on the island of a boy in the huge baggy breeches which are so characteristic.

"If I was that boy's mother," Mrs. Roseveldt said, "I would use that pair of breeches for the sleeves of my Sunday gown and be all in the fashion."

"You make me think," Winnie replied, "of the girl who thought the Marken men were so effeminate-looking, like a lot of girls in bicycle bloomers."

For several days after their return to Amsterdam from this excursion the girls might be said to have lived in the Ryks Museum. It threw its glamour over them from the moment that they caught sight of Rembrandt's "Night Watch" at the end of the long Gallery of Honor. It represents a detachment of Captain Banning

Cocq's company of arquebusiers leaving their guild house for duty on the night patrol. It is difficult to give any idea of the charm of this painting. It is easy to say that it lies in the peculiar light about which there has been so much discussion. Experts have proved that it is "a light which never was on sea or land"—an impossible lighting either by the sun or by artificial means, but the effect of that mellow glow is masterly and entrancing none the less. The action of the figures is dramatic; the genius of Rembrandt has elevated this painting from the category of portrait groups into a masterpiece.

In Van der Helst's great corporation picture on the right, the "Banquet of the Arquebusiers," in the St. Jorisdorle (or shooting gallery of St. George), one admires in detail the twenty-five life-size portraits, and feels that one has certainly met before that joyous Captain Wets, who in black velvet with a blue sash is toasting Lieutenant Van Waverem in his gold brocaded pearl gray doublet. We are certain that each face is a good likeness, we note how characteristic are the hands, evidently as carefully studied as the faces, and agree with the

guide-book in its assertion, that if they were cut off and thrown into a heap we could easily restore each to its owner. A portrait painter of marvellous talent was Van der Helst, but in Rembrandt's picture we are not certain that the faces suited on the score of likeness, and we do not care, any more than that Shakespeare has not kept accurately to every historical detail in his grand plays. The painting is more than the clever production of a talented man who has mastered his profession—it is a work of immortal genius.

We cannot take the time to follow the girls in their charmed wanderings through this gallery, or even describe the paintings which most moved them to enthusiasm. Milly found time to copy but one, that lovely pastel of Tischbein's, the portrait of the pretty Queen Wilhelmina, wife of William I. The portraits, without doubt, form the glory of the museum, but it possesses also a rich collection of small panel paintings by the Dutch masters, and a fine collection of modern pictures. Winnie glanced through the Chamber of Horrors, or room of the anatomical paintings, and did not wonder at young Lieutenant Van Pieterzoon's abhorrence

of the profession of surgery. She could not understand why ghastly operations and studies of the cadaver should form subjects for artists of less genius than Rembrandt.

The collections of tapestries, of fine old furniture, and gilt leather hangings in the galleries of the Oudheid Kundig Genootschap (Antiquarian Society) were very fascinating, as was the Ecclesiastical Department with its decorations of chapels in the Romanesque and Gothic periods. Here were fragments of stained-glass windows broken by the iconoclasts, plaster casts of tombs and other carvings, painted wooden figures of saints, choir stalls in carved wood, missals, altar plate, and vestments—all most interesting and valuable to the decorative painter.

The architectural series of reproductions of interesting and historic rooms carried them back into the past, as the Plantin Museum had done. They sat in council chambers of old town halls and in magistrates' rooms built in the fifteenth century, and beside a chimney-piece from the ancient Dutch court at the Hague, adorned with a whole menagerie of lions, dogs, and other animals standing on parade as shield-bearers.

They stood in admiration, Mrs. Roseveldt quite green with envy, before the old silver plate, the very drinking-horn which appeared in Van der Helst's portrait among those of the different guilds, quite putting to shame in their magnificence the cups given at our yachting and other contests at the present day.

The cabinet of engravings held Winnie in thrall for an entire day, with its etchings and drawings by Rembrandt, and Milly was greatly entertained by a set of baby houses ; so they seemed at first, though they were in reality some carefully executed models of antique Dutch houses and family life.

After a week spent in Amsterdam, Mr. Zilcken and his class returned to the Hague ; but our party, finding themselves so near to Laren, decided to make a short sojourn at the art village, which had been their original goal, intending later to rejoin their teacher at the Hague. At her last visit to the museum a remarkable adventure happened to Milly. Since the episode of the pipe she had thought a great deal about Stacey and her strange hallucination as to having seen him on the ship. She told herself that she was glad and thankful that Stacey had not

basely deserted his duty and secretly followed her to Europe. Her influence over him in the past had been bad, surely she rejoiced that it had ceased, that Stacey had accepted his dismission as final, and had consoled himself with worthy work. She was certainly glad that he was succeeding so finely, and that he was happy ; but was she quite as delighted that she was no longer essential to his happiness ? She ought to be, since she had herself willed that he should have no hope. Surely she was above so small a feeling as pique that he had taken her so completely at her word. No, this was what she had wished, that Stacey cease to think of her ; now she must see to it that she thought no more of him. She was approaching the Ryks Museum and crossing the garden in front of it as this train of thought passed through her brain, and she deliberately willed that when she entered that door Stacey should drop out of her memory, and art, so richly represented there, should henceforth satisfy every aspiration.

Even as she made this resolution an old familiar odor of tobacco, drifted by a little puff of vagrant wind, struck her senses. Some one

seated on a rustic bench just behind a cluster of flowering shrubs was smoking. "That is American tobacco," she said to herself. "It smells just as Stacey's old brier pipe used to." As if to contradict her thought, the smoker extended his hand with the pipe in it beyond the leafy screen, and Milly gave a start of surprise as she recognized the pipe ; it was the old meerschaum which the man at Marken had offered her for sale two days before. There was nothing so very strange about that, for some tourist had probably purchased it in the mean time—some American tourist, for she was perfectly certain that the tobacco was mild Virginian. Her recognition of the pipe was not the strangest part of the incident. The hand, though seen but for a moment, was startlingly like Stacey's—its shape and size, the intaglio ring, and the link sleeve-buttons. She put it all resolutely out of her mind. It was only a coincidence which she would not think about. Other men wore seal rings, and it was an exception when link sleeve-buttons were not worn. She entered the East Court, containing the naval and colonial collections, for here was a set of wax figures wearing the Dutch national peasant costumes.

She had not been able to finish her sketch at Marken, and in one of the cases were some figures wearing the brilliant costume of the island. One of them made a very good model for the unfinished figure in her sketch, and she was soon absorbed in her work. She sat in an inconspicuous corner, sheltered from the observation of chance visitors, if there had been any; but when she took her place the court was quite deserted. After a time she was vaguely conscious that some one was moving about among the models of the ships in the central part of the court. He seemed to think himself quite alone, for he was whistling an air from the "Cavaleria Rusticana." Once she caught sight of him. He was taking a photograph of the Prins Frederik den Nederlanden, a forty-four-gun frigate, and his head was hidden under the black focussing cloth. When she looked up again he had moved his apparatus to another part of the room, among the English ships of the line. He took photographs of the Eurydice, the Chatham, and the Elephant, but seemed most interested in the little naval cutters. They were quite alone together for more than an hour, when, the light being no longer favorable

for photography, he packed his camera into its travelling-case and went away. At the door he turned irresolutely and looked back, and for the first time Milly saw his face plainly. It was unmistakably Stacey. The shock of the surprise was so great that she did not move or utter a sound, and he turned away after a moment without having seen her.

"Am I in my senses? Was that really Stacey?" was Milly's first thought, and she hurried to the entrance, but when she reached the hall there was no one there, but Winnie was just coming for her.

"You look as white as though you had seen a ghost," said Winnie. "Has anything startled you?"

"I don't know whether I have seen one or not," Milly replied. "Did you meet any one as you came in?"

"Yes, the guardian. There he is, pacing slowly toward the Admiral's room."

Milly shook her head and looked bewildered. "I thought I saw Stacey," she said, "and it isn't the first time. I never told you, but every now and then on board the steamer I saw him," and she burst into nervous tears.

Winnie looked alarmed. "Nonsense!" she replied firmly. "Stacey is in America. You have been working too long, and are all tired out. Let me help you pick up your traps."

The next day, before removing to Laren, they made a trip to the village of Zaandam by the Alkmaar Packet, which gave them a pleasant sail of three quarters of an hour. The morning was delightful, and Milly had recovered from her nervousness and was entirely herself.

They had thought that at Katwyk they had seen as many windmills as could be crammed into one *coup d'œil*, but they were mistaken, for as far as the eye could reach the shore was lined with them. They could readily believe the assertion of the guide-book: "Zaandam, Koog-Zaandyk, Wormerveer, and Krommenie are villages with neat little houses and *innumerable* windmills." At one point they were told that four hundred were visible. The one object of interest at Zaandam is the hut of Peter the Great. It seems to have been purposely hidden in a little hollow behind a cluster of uninteresting houses, in order to give occupation to the idle boys who offer their services as guides.

Knowing that it was within a few minutes' walk from the landing, Winnie determined to leave it until just before their departure, and to improve her time by making a water-color study of a quiet canal which reflected at least a dozen of the windmills. Mrs. Roseveldt seated herself on a camp-stool by Winnie's side, and Milly, convoyed by a small Netherlander in inflated breeches, set out in search of the famous hut. He led her across narrow bridges and down lanes and through such a labyrinth of courtyards, that Milly began to fancy that he was purposely making the route as intricate as he could, in order to make his services seem the more valuable.

On one of the small houses was the somewhat alarming sign, "*Hier mangelt men.*" What did it mean? Men are mangled here? Was it a murderer's den, or the entrance to a football field? We have already spoken of the continual mistakes which the girls made in their guesses at the signification of the various signs and posters. It arose from a curious likeness and unlikeness to English in the Dutch words. Winnie declared that the Dutch were a well-meaning people, but that they did not know

how to spell, while the words themselves had a malicious propensity of resembling something which they did *not* signify. The sanguinary inscription which Milly had just read was, "*Washing* (mangling) done here."

Arrived at the hut, Milly was disappointed to find that it was very appropriately named. "Surely Peter the Great could not have been so physically," she thought, "or he could never have entered, much less have lived in this tiny cabin." It looked old enough to be genuine, and was protected by a sort of second umbrella roof supported by brick pillars. The little dark room contained a few simple articles of furniture of the rudest description, for the Czar was incognito when, in 1697, he occupied it and worked as a simple ship carpenter in the building yard of Mynheer Kalf, "being possessed," as one writer says, "with an intense curiosity, and determined to see for himself in what constituted the superiority of the Dutch naval architecture." Milly sat down and inscribed her name in the visitors' book, but the pen dropped from her hand as she read the last name, written so recently that the ink was hardly dry. She closed the book, and as she

did so noticed a photographer's outfit standing on a chair in the corner, and on one end of the camera-case the same name stared at her. Stacey himself or his mysterious presentment could not be far off. She questioned the guardian of the hut, but though he partially understood her, he could not make her understand that the strange gentleman had left his luggage there and would be back after luncheon. Milly left the hut more perplexed than ever. "I will get mother and Winnie," she thought, "and make them see the camera, and perhaps by that time Stacey will have returned." She met Winnie packing up her sketching materials.

"Your mother is tired," she said. "I think you would better take her directly to the boat. I will skip over to the hut of the Great Peter, and then join you."

"And Winnie," Milly besought, "I want you to particularly notice a camera standing on a chair, and tell me whose name is on the card tacked on the end."

Again Winnie was troubled by the expression in Milly's face. She paid far less attention to the little *logement* than the guardian felt she should have done, for the camera to which

Milly had referred stood where she had left it, but a strange tricksy thing had happened. The owner of the camera had returned in the interval, and had attempted to light a cigar in the room, whereupon the guardian had brought forward a card on which were printed the words, "*Verboden zu Rooken*" (smoking forbidden), and had placed this card in front of the camera, at the same time pointing significantly to the door. The young man had comprehended and had retired for his smoke.

Winnie read the words uncomprehendingly. The card covered the owner's name, and was thrust into the strap that fastened the case in such a way that she supposed it to be the card to which Milly referred. She therefore asserted when she rejoined her friend that she had found the camera in question, and that it was marked with some Dutch name, like Rooker. She thought he must be a manufacturer of railway carriages, for she had seen the same name in them.

"If that is true," Milly had replied, "there must be something the matter with my eyes, for it is not the name which I saw, or thought I saw."

Winnie did not ask her what that name was. She feared that Milly was ill, and could only hope that the quiet of Laren would restore her.

CHAPTER X.

THE BOGIES OF LAREN—SOME WEIRD STORIES.

ERE, in the vicinity of Amsterdam, the majority of the days were rainy, but the rain never interfered with their plans or depressed their spirits. They even forgot to look at the sky in the morning and speculate on the weather, but simply kept their mackintoshes in shawl-straps, and carried them with the light *en tout cas* umbrellas even when the sun was shining brightly. The rain was often no more than an opaque white mist, such as the jolly, jaunting-car drivers of Killarney would have called "only a little perspiration of the hills." It was always a cheerful rain, even when the drops pelted merrily, and the foliage

looked so cleanly washed from dust, and the ducks gabbled so rejoicingly, that the girls felt it to be the regular and beneficent rule of nature. Winnie said that if the law of development according to the physical needs of our environment were true, she would long since have grown an india-rubber epidermis, have become web-footed, or developed long, stilt-like legs, like the genus grallatores, or waders.

On the afternoon of their migration to Laren it rained as usual. It was only provoking because the rain made a crystal curtain just outside the windows of the *stoomtram*, partly concealing the pretty landscape through which they passed. Every now and then the car stopped at a moated village with drawbridges, like those of some mediæval fortress, over the canals that played hide-and-seek with them all the way. Sometimes the wind would lift the low, shifting clouds and give them glimpses of semi-aquatic cows, standing contentedly knee-deep in water, chewing water-lilies. Once they had a view of a château, but for a wonder saw no windmills.

Winnie had found a poem among her papers written by Candace Thurber, a little eight-year-old, in New York, and she read it to the others

as the car splashed along over the submerged track.

RAIN-DROPS.

Listen to the rain-drops
As they spatter on the walk ;
Listen, for you know it is their kind of talk,
Telling pretty stories to their comrades on the way,
They are merry, merry every single rainy day.
Days that try your patience and make others sad,
Why should we be sorry when the rain is glad ?

When you wish the rain-drops back into the sky,
If you listen you can hear a gusty little sigh
From the baby rain-drops as they downward fly ;
For rainy days to them, you know,
Are just the same as we below
Call holidays !

They arrived at the village just at sunset. The rain had ceased, and the sunset fires glowed like a crimson forge behind the dark stems of the pine forest in which the village is built.

There was a cosy little inn with pleasant rooms awaiting them, into which they settled as by magic, and then descended to the large dining-room, which serves the artists and students as a sort of club. The walls were adorned with their paintings, and over the fireplace there was a portrait of Mauve, once, perhaps still,

the leading spirit of the little community. Miss Hugenholz, a talented artist, to whom they had brought letters of introduction, welcomed them warmly, and presented them to the others, making them feel at home at once. Later she took them to a charming little studio which she had had built for herself on the edge of the village. Before they left they met Albert Neuhuys, the most famous artist of the Laren colony. His genre paintings of peasant life are well known in America, and are always charming. Like Blommers, he looks on the sunny side of life, and there is nearly always an effect of sunshine touching some blond baby head with its aureole, and the sentiment of mother love always animates his pictures. Kever, a thoughtful, talented man, also lives and works here, having built himself a home and studio at Laren. These two artists strike the keynote of the entire school, which is one of harmonious color, or rather tone, and peaceful sentiment. It was, indeed, a calm retreat, seemingly thousands of miles from the jostling, sordid, noisy, wrangling world. Milly said she felt the rest and quiet roll over her brain and heart in great waves of content.

They had hardly established themselves before they encountered John Nash. He was painting a cow in the fields outside the wood, and he greeted them with unaffected but timid delight. When he saw that they received him cordially, he told them how he had longed to speak to them on board the ship, but "darsent to." He asked immediately for Stacey, and was disappointed to learn that they did not hear from him.

"He'd ought to come to Laren," John said. "Any fool would learn to be an artist here. It's in the air; you sort of breathe it in; you can't help it."

Milly changed the subject, and spoke of the odd harness of the cow which he was painting, a large piece of rubber cloth being strapped over her back.

"Yes, they blanket the cows here in damp weather, which is more than they do for themselves, and sometimes the stables are drier than the houses. It's the paradise of cattle, and they raise some fine specimens—some of them are pretty frisky, too. I've been led on a tramp of about nineteen miles in one day (fact, I had my pedometer) chasing after a calf I was

A Scheveningen Fishwife.

(From painting by Josef Israels.)

trying to paint. I had my little panel on which I was painting in the lid of my sketch-box, and carried my box on my arm like this, so I kept on the right side of the calf and managed to keep pretty nearly the same view."

"Mauve wrote something of the exuberance of the bovine nature," Winnie replied. "Here I have copied it in my note-book: '*Nas tu pas envie de venir te rouler dans l'herbe haute? Comme je vousdrais parfois être une vache, pour ressentir tout à fait le plaisir simple que cette bête doit avoir quand elle court et galope dans la prairie, la queue en l'air, faisant des bonds de joie et beuglant de tout cœur.*' ('Do you not long to roll in the high grass? How I would like to be a cow for a time to experience the simple pleasure which that creature must have when she runs and gallops in the field, her tail in air, making bounds of joy and bellowing with all her might!')"

"Hum!" John Nash replied, "that might be a pretty spectacle just to look at, but I don't believe Mauve ever tried to paint such a critter when she was on a war dance."

The kind-hearted fellow was overjoyed when he learned that Winnie also wished to paint

cows, and at once constituted himself her guardian and protector, and was of great service to her in many ways.

The fortnight which they had intended to give to Laren lengthened into a month, and still they stayed. One day a visitor was announced. It was Van, who had come from America to investigate his claim under the Van Pieterzoon will. He had come straight through Leyden, not even stopping over a train to call on Miss Silva Van Pieterzoon, such was his impatience to see Winnie. After that first blissful meeting he was heard to declare that he would consider himself wholly repaid for the journey, even if the great expectations ended in smoke.

"But they will not so end," Winnie assured him. "You have a clear case. I only wish Mr. Piet Van Pieterzoon were in Amsterdam; but since he is not, I will run in with you and introduce you to his family."

Winnie's mission was not successful. In Piet Van Pieterzoon's absence his family trusted in the judgment of his notary, Voorhelm Hoogstraten, who, as we know, had his own reasons for opposing the recognition of the American

cousin. Accordingly, at a family council called to discuss the matter, Mynheer Hoogstraten presented a protest in the name of the absent Piet, denouncing Dr. Van Silver as an impostor. The Amsterdam relatives were inclined to take Mynheer Hoogstraten's view of the case, especially as the notary asserted that Lieutenant Dirk Van Pieterzoon had consented to adopt the profession of medicine.

Winnie and Van retired from the interview baffled, but Winnie was in nowise disheartened.

"Go right to Leyden," she said, "and enter yourself as a student at the university. You will then have fulfilled the conditions of the will, which they can never persuade the lieutenant to do. They will be glad enough to recognize you as a relative when fact dawns upon their consciousness. It will all be right when Mr. Piet Van Pieterzoon returns from Natal. There is not another Van Pieterzoon that has an atom of sense."

"You forget," said Van, "that you believe me to be a genuine Van Pieterzoon, or do you include me in the sweeping generalization?"

Winnie laughed, but would not take back what she had said.

"If they prove that you do not belong to the family, it will be because you are not stupid. Please don't be too brilliant."

Van accordingly returned to Leyden, and after this little ripple of excitement had died away Laren returned to its peaceful somnolency. Every day, whether to protect them from the sun or the rain, the white umbrellas sprouted like a crop of mushrooms in the fields, and in the evenings the artists gathered in the dining-room of the inn, and organized impromptu concerts and tableaux, or danced or chatted. The favorite game was Halma, the word derived from the Greek word to jump, and given to the game by the Greek professor who invented it. The best players sat over it evening after evening, an interested group always gathering to watch its progress. The score was kept on a slate, which hung among the paintings in a prominent position. One of the artists, who was something of a caricaturist, would draw a grotesque little face all puckered up with weeping on the side of the losing contestant. They were called bogies, and it was the aim of the players to place as many of them as possible on the opposite side. The only

amusement which could rival Halma in interest was the telling of ghost stories, which generally went on at the same time about the fireplace, so that it was a stock remark that there were bogies at both ends of the room.

There were several very good *raconteurs* among them—one a young impressionist named Gerard Oudenrogge, who had studied in Paris and travelled in the Orient. He was fond of the grotesque in art and of decadent literature, and if all of his stories of personal adventure were to be believed, he had led a wonderful life of hairbreadth escapes and mysterious experiences. He had studied occultism in India, and announced himself an adept and a possessor of clairvoyance or second sight, and able to produce "phenomena." He fascinated Milly, who had been puzzling over her own experiences. She remembered the discussion which had taken place at Stacey's birthday dinner, and she asked Mr. Oudenrogge to tell her just what theosophists understood by the term astral body.

The young man smiled. "That is a very general term," he replied. "There are at least three distinct kinds of astral bodies. There is

the Linga Sharira or Doppelganger, an exact counterpart to our physical bodies, of which it is the mould or framework. It usually lies coiled in the spleen, but is separable from our physical body, and often in illness or weakness oozes out, unconsciously to the subject, and can be seen by persons not possessed of clairvoyance, and sometimes by the subject himself (and at other times without his knowledge), hovering about the room, performing acts which the invalid is accustomed to do, or has upon his mind to perform, though he may not have the physical strength at the time to do them. I have myself done by the agency of my Linga Sharira what I could not otherwise have accomplished. While a student in Paris I had entered a prize competition for a composition representing the martyrdom of St. Sebastian. I could not arrange it to my satisfaction, though I had worked over the composition for days. One night I threw myself upon my couch utterly exhausted, with a dull pain in my side. The pain was so great that I could not sleep, but lay with my eyes open. Suddenly something seemed to snap within me. It was as

though a spring had suddenly uncoiled, and I saw brooding over me and gradually becoming more and more distinct a whitish phantom. Presently it drifted to my easel, where it became more materialized, and I recognized myself. To my consternation it seized a palette-knife and scraped out all the work which I had so painstakingly done. I tried to rise and stay the phantom's hand, but found myself utterly without strength. Presently the thing—I cannot call it myself, though it had my semblance, for it was so independent of any volition on my part—seized my palette and fell to work with a sort of frenzy, and I saw a composition blocked in which was infinitely superior to any that I had dreamed. While it was working the postman knocked, and the phantom cried, '*Entrez!*' The man came in, laid down the letters, and stood watching the picture grow under the hand of my Linga Sharira. He evidently thought it my bodily self, for he exchanged some conversation, expressing surprise at my facility. Turning, he saw me lying on the couch, and exclaimed:

"'Whom have you there?'

"'It is my twin brother,' replied the phantom, and the postman came nearer and looked at me.

"'He must be very ill,' he said. 'Look how he stares. You should get a physician.'

"'He will be better presently,' said the phantom; 'he is only very weary.'

"The man looked at me closely.

"'Why, *you* are Mr. Oudenrogge!' he said.

"I nodded weakly.

"The postman turned and regarded my double.

"'Of course his name is Oudenrogge,' said the phantom, 'since he is my brother.'

"The postman approached the phantom.

"'Yes,' he said doubtfully; 'without doubt you *are* M. Oudenrogge; but your brother is so like you that I would have sworn it was you. How you work! Is the devil in you?'

"'No,' my double replied; 'I am simply not in the devil.'

"The man looked frightened, he gave another glance at me as I lay staring at him from the couch.

"'Tell me,' he cried, 'what is the matter with you? You are surely the man I know.'

"I tried to speak, but was too weak and could only gasp.

"'He is dying!' the postman shrieked.

"My phantom laid down the palette and brushes, and came and stood beside me, placing its hand on my side. It was my exact counterpart, but athletic, full of fire and nervous strength, while I lay inert. Little by little it grew more and more ethereal, fading away before my eyes, and I could see through it as though it were a mist, at the same time I felt my heart beating faster and my own strength returning. Suddenly the phantom vanished, and I sprang to my feet perfectly recovered.

"The postman was as white as a sheet. 'I've not drank a drop this day,' he said; 'but I've been seeing double. Thank Heaven the fit's over with now!' and he staggered from the room. I should have thought it a dream, as he did, but the picture was there on the easel, and it took the prize."

"That is a remarkable story," said Winnie. "Did you ever have any other experience like it?"

"Yes, two; one was an occasion when I was permitted to see the Linga Sharira of another.

It happened some years before the incident of which I speak. My grandfather was very ill, and I was left for a short time in care of him while the nurse left the room for hot water. He was in a muttering delirium, and talked of his will and of a codicil which he ought to write. I went to his desk and tried to find it, but though I searched through every drawer and pigeon-hole, I could find no will. 'It is in the secret drawer,' my grandfather said, but he could give me no directions, and I failed to discover any spring, and finally gave up the search and came and sat beside him. As I watched it seemed to me that he became death-struck, his jaw dropped and his eyes became glassy. I ran to the door and called for help, but returned at once to the bed. Grandfather was still breathing. The nurse was in the kitchen and had not heard me, and we were alone in the house. Suddenly I heard a sharp click and the opening of a drawer in the desk, and turning I saw a man writing on a document. The man looked so much like my grandfather that I looked again, to be sure that he had not risen, but he lay in a semi-comatose condition as before. I hurried to the desk and

saw that the paper on which the man was writing was my grandfather's will. I seized it, but the man held it firmly. Whereupon I grasped the man's hand and wrenched it violently, or attempted to do so, for my hand closed with a grip that imbedded my nails in my own palm —upon *nothing*. I looked at the spectre and was again struck by its resemblance to my grandfather. It continued to write, but with difficulty, and it signed my grandfather's name in an almost illegible scrawl, then it handed me the pen, saying, 'Witness my signature;' but while I hesitated the pen dropped upon the desk and the phantom vanished completely, while my grandfather called from the bed, 'I have hurt my hand, I have hurt my hand!' The nurse came in a moment later and found that his wrist was sprained. 'I don't see how your grandfather could have done this,' she said, 'without your seeing it happen. He must have fallen out of bed.' My grandfather recovered, but he never regained the perfect use of his hand. I had locked the will in a drawer and had taken the key before the nurse entered the room. On his recovery he had no recollection of what had happened, only a sol-

emn feeling that he had been very near death, and that it behooved him to make certain changes in his will before he experienced another similar attack, when it might be too late. When I showed him the will he declared, with surprise, that the very changes he desired had been made. More remarkable still, the first part of the codicil was traced in his handwriting as it had been before his illness, the latter part and the signature in the cramped and almost illegible script in which he always wrote after the mysterious spraining of his wrist, in which I was convinced of my own agency, though I never confessed it."

Various exclamations of astonishment or incredulity followed the recital of this story, but Mr. Oudenrogge was entirely unmoved by them.

"I do not expect you to believe me," he said, "since when these things happened to me I could scarcely believe my own eyes."

Milly was evidently profoundly impressed.

"What was the third incident?" she asked.

"It was an experience with some train-wreckers," the artist replied. "I was walking one day last summer on the railroad-track of the main line between Paris and Lyons, when I en-

countered a gang of rough-looking men whom I supposed at first were workmen set to mend the railroad-bridge that crossed a narrow chasm, as they were at work upon it with pick and lever. As I approached I saw that they were not mending the bridge, but breaking it up, and the truth flashed through my mind. The Lyons Express was due in five minutes, and would dash straight down to destruction through that broken bridge. I turned and ran as fast as I could, hoping to signal the train a little further up the road ; but the men saw me running and divined my intention. Two of them set out in pursuit, overtook and felled me to the ground with a blow on the back of my neck, then dragged me a little aside from the track, and sat down to watch over me. I was in an agony of desire to save the doomed train, not unconscious, but utterly helpless, being bound and gagged. When my Linga Sharira had painted the 'Martyrdom of St. Sebastian,' it had left me unconsciously to myself and with no exertion of my will power. I had never attempted to control its action, though I had this proof of a double separable entity, but I now willed with all my might that my astral body

should fly on this errand. The men who were standing over me were more interested with the progress which their companions were making in the destruction of the bridge than in me, and suddenly, when they were both looking in that direction, my inner self sprang from me with a bound and sped toward the approaching train.

"Impalpable, spirit-like as was this manifestation of myself, I knew that if it were injured the same injury would be found on the senseless hulk which I had left lying under the guard of the two ruffians; but all the same I planted myself before the nearing engine and waved my arms and danced like a madman, and the train gradually came to a standstill within a few feet of where I stood. I explained the danger to the engineer; he saw for himself that my words were true, and reversed the engine, backing the train down the track to the station, which it had just left. 'Jump on board,' he had said, 'the wreckers may murder you for informing upon them;' but I dared not separate myself so far from my physical body, and I glided behind some trees as the gang approached.

"'Who gave the alarm?' they asked of one

another, as they saw that their prey had escaped them. 'Did the men let the prisoner get away? There was some one on the track before the train began to back, some one in a light suit like his.'

"'The prisoner is safe enough,' said one of the men who had been watching my body. 'Jean has been sitting on him all this time. Come and look at him for yourself. I think he is done for, and we had better be scattering, or we shall be arrested for murder as well as attempted train robbery.'

"I waited until the men had hurried away, and then approached and unbound my physical self, but I had some difficulty in rejoining it, for so much of my thought principle and will had united itself with my Linga Sharira that it had formed another kind of astral body, the Mayavi Rupa, or thought body, and was more really alive and more truly myself than the inert mass which lay there like the clothing I would have discarded before bathing in the river. Since then I have learned to project my Mayavi Rupa at will, and to take long journeys in it, whereas the Linga Sharira never wanders far from its physical owner."

"Are all ghosts, then, the doubles of living persons?" Winnie asked.

"No, there are other astral bodies whose activity is continued after the death of the person who is responsible for their development. For instance, the Kama Putra is a materialization of our evil desires into a malign, demoniac ghost, which, when these desires have been allowed to run riot in the mind (although the person who has indulged them fancies he has committed no actual crime), becomes a very objectionable entity or familiar, possessing low cunning without the least vestige of conscience, and escaping from the will power of its owner performs acts of which he is not conscious, and commits crimes which he would not have dared, and continues in this terrible career long after the man himself is dead. If this were known it might add a restraining influence and become a moral factor, for surely the most selfish of us would tremble to let loose upon the world a new demon. You have read Thomas Hood's poem of *Eugene Aram*, and remember how he described a murder which he said he had done in a dream, and the officers of the law finding the body of the murdered man and circumstan-

tial evidence which tallied with his description, Eugene Aram was executed for the murder. Now it is my belief that had there been some one to watch Eugene Aram on the night that the murder was committed, he would have been seen peacefully sleeping in his bed, and an alibi would have been proved and justice would have been defeated, since he was morally responsible for the deed."

"Do you know any stories of crimes committed by the Kama Putra?" Milly asked.

The little fire on the hearth burned low. Some one had removed all the lamps to the other end of the room, where a game of Halma had been in progress. The windows were open, and the night wind moaned through the pines, and waved and rustled the white curtains mysteriously. It was just the time for ghost stories to have their utmost effect.

"I know several real instances," said the artist; "but they are too ghastly, too terrible to relate."

"Oh, no," pleaded Milly, "do tell me, Mr. Oudenrogge, I am so much interested."

Winnie rose with an energetic, decided movement. "This nonsense has lasted long enough,"

she said authoritatively. "Mr. Oudenrogge is a very vivid story-teller, but for that very reason I object to your being worked up into hysterics by his clever fictions."

"I assure you, Miss De Witt, that they are perfectly true accounts of facts."

Winnie smiled incredulously. "Come, Milly," she said, "I insist on your coming away."

"Certainly, Miss Roseveldt," the artist replied politely. "Too intense study of occultism has unsettled the reason of many an inquirer. I would advise you to listen to no more to-night."

"Nor ever," Winnie muttered under her breath, as she led Milly to her room. "You must not let that man fill your brain with his hobgoblin stories," she said to Milly as she kissed her good-night. "I am convinced that there is not a word of truth in them. He only tells them in the first person to make a sensation. I would not be surprised if he were simply trying them on us as he would rehearse a play before a small audience, and that we shall read them later on in some magazine. Take my word for it that he is a writer of fiction."

Milly did not reply, but seated herself by the window after Winnie had left, and thought deeply of her own experiences in the light of these Oriental theories.

In her ordinary state of mind all this would have seemed the veriest nonsense and absurdity, but she was nervously unstrung and fascinated by the ingenious romancing. She thought of Stacey's apparition on the steamer, an apparition seen only by herself, and again of his having called and left a message for her at the Hague at the time when Van had written that he had seen him at Cambridge ; and now he had appeared to her twice again. What if Stacey had cared so much for her that he had been able to project his Mayavi Rupa, or thought body, so that it had followed her in this journey ? Did he know of these wonderful ideas ; was this what he meant in their farewell conversation ? She remembered every word of it so perfectly.

" There is no truth in esoteric Buddhisms, or you would have seen my ghost following you ever since you left Shinnecock. Since then I have lived a double life. I have known that I was mechanically bending over my desk trans-

lating the classics, and all the time I was talking to you. Have you never seen or heard me begging you to forgive me? No, *I shall go on following* you, and you will never see me, for such ghosts are only seen by the heart."

It was only the chance raving of a hot-headed, hot-hearted boy, but it took on a grave significance to Milly now. What she had seen was not the physical Stacey gone mad and following her in a dangerous mania, it was not the illusion of her own disordered faculties, it was Stacey's Mayavi Rupa with her, because this was where he most longed to be, not visible to others, because he had so willed it, and only visible to her because (it was the first time that she had confessed it to herself, but it must be so, she told herself, since she could see him) her heart still cried out for his love, and longed for him as he for her. She knelt by the open window and let the wind fan her forehead.

"Oh, this is terrible, terrible," she said to herself, "this influence which we exert upon one another! It was all because of his love for me that Stacey pretended that he painted pictures which were really done by John Nash.

My influence over him has been bad all along, and now it has drawn his utmost spirit away from every high endeavor, and he is eaten up by the thought of me and ruined for anything useful or good. It will go on and on until his Mayavi Rupa takes into itself all the evil principles of his nature, and becomes a Kama Putra, a malevolent, terrible demon, which will exist even after he is dead. It is worse, far worse than anything that I had dreamed, and I don't see any way out of it, except by dying myself; then he might cease to care for me. If only I could have influenced him toward what was good instead of toward wrongdoing! Oh, Stacey," she sobbed, "stop caring for me." It seemed to her that she must have an answer, and she tried the old superstitious device of opening her Bible at random. Strange to say, her index-finger slipped to Ruth's magnificent declaration: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge." She read no more, but looked out at the night in a strange mixture of happiness and despair. The latest stoom tram had just arrived, and one passenger alighted from it and

came toward the little inn. The moonlight illumined his face and figure as he approached, and Milly saw that it was Stacey, or, as she had no question, his astral body. This conviction took away all the hesitation which she would have had in speaking to Stacey himself, and she slipped down the staircase and stood waiting for him on the veranda as he approached. It was not very late, and the Halma players still sat at their table just within, and the lamplight shone strongly upon her face and figure. Stacey recognized her at once and quickened his step, until he stood close beside her.

"Oh, Milly," he said, "you don't know how glad I am to see you;" and then something in her look struck him as strange and unnatural, and he let his extended hand, which she had made no motion to take, fall to his side.

Milly looked at him very intently. "Stacey," she said, "why do you follow me when you know it gives me pain?"

"I would not annoy you for anything in the world, Milly," he replied. "I will go away in the morning, and never trouble you again. I did not expect to see you now. I accepted my dismissal as final. I gave you up then, and have

cherished no hope since. I came to-day just to see how John Nash is getting on. Don't be troubled about me. I am conquering myself, and you need not be afraid to meet me, Milly. If you will ask me now to be your friend, as you did the last time we met, I will not refuse. I am sure of myself. You did not love me, and I have come to see that it is all right."

When Stacey announced with such certainty, "You do not love me," it was on Milly's lips to cry out, "Oh, yes, I do; but my influence over you is bad. I love you too much to let it continue," but he had gone on so rapidly that she had no chance to speak, so cheerfully that she was abashed even before what she believed to be an impalpable spirit.

"If this is true," she replied, "why have you kept appearing to me all summer?"

"What do you mean?" he asked in bewilderment. "I have not seen you, Milly, since I put you in the carriage after the theatre party on my birthday."

"Yes, I know not really; but do you mean that you have not willed that your Mayavi Rupa should constantly attend me?"

"I do not understand what you mean, Milly.

Whoever this Mayavi Rupa is who has been bothering you, I certainly sent him on no such rude errands. Was it some Oriental juggler, like that little Javanese servant of Professor Waite's? If so, I will wring his precious neck."

"Stacey, is this your very self?"

"Why, of course, Milly; whom should it be?"

"I thought—" she stammered in confusion—"let me take your hand, Stacey. Why, it is *you*—really *you*."

"Weren't you certain of that? It seems to me you have been pretty confidential, if you thought you were talking with any one else."

"No, no," she answered quickly; "to no one else but just to your very soul, Stacey. I thought it was your spirit, your astral body."

Her hand was burning hot, and though it rested but a moment in his, he was certain now that she was in a high fever and delirious.

"Never mind, Milly," he said soothingly. "I don't quite see through all this, but one thing is certain, *I* am here, and I am not a spook, but your old friend Stacey, very much alive. And I am not here to distress you in any way, but to help you and to make it par-

ticularly unpleasant for any one who has been annoying you. We will talk this all over in broad daylight to-morrow, after you have had a good night's rest, and then I've no doubt we shall be able to unravel this mystery. Is your mother here, and Winnie? I am afraid it is too late to call on them. Please ask them if they will see me to-morrow. I hope they can put me up here, and I will meet you at breakfast."

She bade him good-night, and went up the stairs wearily. On the landing she met Winnie, who had discovered that she was not in her room, and was frightened.

Milly caught her arm eagerly. "Stacey is there," she said, "down in the office. Won't you go down and speak to him?"

"Milly, darling," Winnie replied, much troubled, "I am afraid this is only another of your hallucinations. Van said that he heard just before he left that Stacey was to graduate with honors. He would have known if Stacey intended to come to Europe. It must have been only your heated imagination, dear child, wrought up by that wretched Mr. Oudenrogge's stories; but to satisfy you, I will go and see,"

and she turned briskly to descend the stairs, when, to her surprise, the proprietor of the house, laden with bags and followed by Stacey, who carried a lighted candle, came out of the office-door and began to mount the staircase.

"Do you see him?" Milly asked anxiously. "I do; he is coming straight toward us. Do you see him, too?"

Winnie had been profoundly troubled, but the sight of Stacey reassured her. Surely all would be right now, and she exclaimed joyously as he bounded up the staircase:

"Oh, Stacey, this is delightful! We are so glad to see you."

To her surprise, Milly turned white and slipped quickly into her own room.

"What is the matter with Milly?" Stacey asked anxiously.

"Why, nothing," Winnie replied, at the same time wondering vaguely. "We have been listening to ghost stories this evening, and you probably startled her just now."

"I shall never forgive myself if I have made her ill."

"Oh, no; it's not so bad as that. She will be all right in the morning. Good-night, and

a hearty welcome to Laren. We only needed your coming to make the place perfect."

Stacey passed on, and Winnie entered Milly's room chattering gayly. There was no reply, for Milly did not hear her. She had by a supreme effort of her will walked as far as the couch and had fainted quite away.

CHAPTER XI.

CERTAIN DIFFICULTIES.

MEJUFFROUW SILVA VAN PIETERZOON received her American cousin (as she insisted from the first on calling Van) most cordially. Winnie sent the good lady a sketch-book filled with the vagaries of a Laren calf, which were almost as amusing as the legend of "The Bull Calf," by our American illustrator, A. B. Frost.

Winnie had entitled the collection "The Return of the Van Pieterzoon Calf," and she could have given Van no better letter of introduction.

"Our Spanish ancestor was brought to us by

a calf," said Mejuffrouw, "and it is but fitting that the ancestral calf should accompany your home-coming."

She did not laugh or even smile as she studied the eccentric antics of the exuberant animal, but considered the drawings as a grave tribute to the exploits of the legendary family pet. She was prepossessed in Van's favor, both by his appearance and by what the girls had told, and when he showed her the clock face with its coat-of-arms, which he had brought with him, as requested, she considered this as proof positive of his identity. It was not alone the heraldic device which gave her this assurance, for this might have been modern work, but her sharp eyes had discovered the name of the clock-maker, Jacobus Groot, a celebrated maker of timepieces of Leyden, and the date of the clock's manufacture, which tallied with an inventory of the effects of Hendrix Van Pieterzoon, the father of Cornelis, who emigrated to America.

Mejuffrouw regretted that she was settled at Katwyk for the summer, and urged Van to establish himself in her father's office in the Leyden homestead. She served him a tempt-

ing luncheon with *poffertjes*, or batter-cakes, and was surprised when told that buckwheat-cakes were an American dish.

"They must be another of your heirlooms from us," she insisted, "for *boek weit* was brought from the Orient to Holland by the returning crusaders. Those heathen Saracens knew no better than to eat it in the form of mush, but waffles and other inventions of the griddle were evolved in the Dutch kitchen."

"The Knickerbockers of the Hudson were too wise to forget these traditions," said Van, "and you will be pleased to know that their Dutch ovens were one of our most popular institutions. Gingerbread, too, must be another of our legacies from Dutch cookery, though we do not frost and gild it as you do when sold at a Kermess; and the recipe for the making of doughnuts, which are supposed to be a New England invention, was probably learned by the Pilgrims during their stay at Leyden, and we do wrong not to give them more generally their Dutch name—*crullers*."

"When I return to Leyden," Mejuffrouw promised, "you shall not want for these delicacies. You have come over on my invitation,

PORTRAITS OF FRANS HALS AND HIS WIFE, BY FRANS HALS.

and until this matter of the legacy is settled you should be my guest."

"It would please me better," Van replied, "if you could find me some opportunity of supporting myself while I am a student of the university."

Mejuffrouw thought deeply. "You might in time succeed to my father's practice, but that has been appropriated by local physicians, and will be hard to win back by a stranger. There is one position which is practically in my gift, and that is the head of the dispensary of the Orphanage founded by our family. I am one of the regents of that institution, and they never dare offend me, for they hope some day to come into the Pieterzoon fund on its forfeiture by our family, and they wish to do so amicably if possible. The position has always been held by a Dr. Van Pieterzoon, and has been vacant since the death of the last one. You can have it if you like, but the work is arduous and may interfere with your studies, for the Orphanage dispensary has a great many *out*-patients. The salary, too, is almost nothing, for the place has always been really filled by some young medical student placed there to

represent the Dr. Van Pieterzoon to whom it was nominally granted, and who accepted it out of charity and to have his name connected with the institution."

"In spite of the large labor and little reward, I think I will take it very gratefully, if you can procure it for me," Van replied. "It will at least give me my daily bread, and give me a feeling of independence, and all practice is valuable to the young physician."

Van's life in Leyden, therefore, opened very busily. Though he inscribed himself at the university, there would be no lectures in the specialty which he wished to take up until the autumn, and he therefore threw himself into the work of the charitable institution with all his might. In spite of the difficulty of acquiring the language, the regents were soon aware that never in their knowledge had the institution been favored with so efficient a physician. Van possessed that unfailing qualification for success—enthusiasm. He was in love with his work. It was joy for him to see science relieve pain, to set a broken limb for the poor laborer who had fallen from a scaffolding, to hold a

sick baby in his arms and find out by a magical sort of intuition what was wrong with the little sufferer, to go into low, fever-haunted dwellings, and bring not only medicines, but the knowledge of wholesome living to the occupants. That was the trouble which baffled him so often. His patients lay in damp, malarious rooms, in which there was no possibility of recovery. The Orphanage was an airy, sunny structure, sanitary and cheerful. The girls were trained there to habits of industry, were educated in the rudiments, and were made skilful in all housewifely arts. It was all most admirable, but the house was small and meagerly endowed, and the regents had lost heart. The Pieterzoon legacy had hung over them like a fair mirage, to be continually dissipated by the breezy arrival of a new doctor of the name and lineage. At Mejuffrouw's advice Van had attached the ancestral Pieterzoon in its translated form of Peterson to his name with a hyphen, thus announcing his pretensions from the outset, and the regents had regarded him as already invested with his rights. It was the old recurrent story, whenever they had begun to hope for the fund, a new physician had come to them

instead. They were fortunate that this one had proved such a treasure.

Van found Leyden very interesting in his professional walks. He found the quarter inhabited by the Pilgrims during the eleven years in which they lived in Leyden. We are accustomed to think of Dutch influences in America as being confined to New York, and forget that the Puritans, before fleeing to America, found a refuge in Leyden from religious persecution, and were at that time a happy and prosperous colony of some three hundred souls; that here they found Miles Standish in charge of an English company, and here, under the leadership of Robinson and Brewster, they enjoyed religious liberty and the hospitality of their neighbors, and began to adopt Dutch customs. The children attended the public schools and acquired the Dutch language, and the young men and maidens intermarried. They were fast becoming Dutch, and might never have emigrated to America, but have quietly merged with the Dutch nation and have lost all identity, had not the truce with Spain have ended and war been announced for the year 1621. The young Englishmen enlisted in such numbers that the

leaders became alarmed, and the majority determined to emigrate. They chartered the little ship Speedwell, and, sailing from Delfshaven, joined their English friends at Southampton, who were waiting there with the Mayflower to sail with them. We know the rest of the story, but of the education and influences received in Holland, which had much to do with moulding their future life, we are not so familiar. These historical researches were only side recreations for Van, and, little by little, as he grew more and more absorbed in the work of the Orphanage, he gave them up.

His interest was contagious, it wakened Mejuffrouw, who had never concerned herself actively with the institution of which she was a patroness. Van ran out to Katwyk twice a week to drink Van Pieterzoon cocoa with her and to eat *poffertjes*. Mejuffrouw had had no one to care for for many years, and this enthusiastic young man charmed her. She astonished her friends by leaving her cottage at Katwyk, and returned to the family mansion at Leyden. She astonished the authorities at the Orphanage by sending the more delicate girls out to the Katwyk cottage, to enjoy sea-bathing for the month of

August. She astonished the regents by attending their midsummer meeting, and by allowing herself to be put on two working committees. "They need a nursery department," Van had said. The Orphanage had only admitted children after the age of two because of the expense which the care of babies necessitates, and so every year in Leyden the mortality among infants in those damp, fever-stricken old houses was fearful. Mejuffrouw took out her bank-book and considered.

"If I were to give up my own town house as the nursery department, how much would it cost to run it?"

"You would need," said Van, "a different corps of nurses for night and day, half a dozen laundresses, a cook, and a competent chief nurse or matron, who could only be obtained at a high salary."

"I would be that matron, and I would not require any salary."

"Then there is the item of provisions, chiefly milk."

"That could come from our dairy farm at Lannem. The descendants of the Pieterzoon calf shall make that contribution, and as I make

out, my part of the legacy which is in question will cover the other expenses. We will open the nursery at once. How fortunate, cousin, that you came to secure that money to me, otherwise I could not have done it!''

Van refrained from explaining to her that if she had lost the legacy the Orphanage would have obtained it, and not only her part, but the lieutenant's and the part accruing to Piet Van Pieterzoon's family in Amsterdam. He was beginning to have qualms of conscience himself. What right had he to come from America to divert a large fund from a noble institution to private uses?

Meanwhile Mynheer Voorhelm Hoogstraten, Mr. Piet Van Pieterzoon's lawyer, was doing his best that Van should not so divert it.

He came on to Leyden and interviewed the regents of the Orphanage, denouncing Van as an impostor. It mattered little that Mejuffrouw was at the meeting and spoke for her favorite, and that the regents were already favorably impressed with Van. There were too large interests at stake, and a lawyer was retained to represent the Orphanage and contest Van's claim. As yet he had made none. Mejuffrouw was

waiting for her Cousin Piet's return. Voorhelm Hoogstraten's action had stirred up all her antagonism, and she presented the anomaly of working with all her might both for and against the interests of the Orphanage. She spent her last cent for it, she worked to the utmost limit of her strength in its service, and she insisted to the regents that she would never give up the fight for the rights of her family.

"You shall never have one penny of our ancestor's legacy," she would declare, and then she would plan a larger building for the nursery, and figure that if Piet's family and Lieutenant Dirk and the others would only contribute a sum equal to their share in that legacy, what a magnificent foundation might be made in the name of the family! Dear, inconsistent, kind-hearted Mejuffrouw! Van admired her energy and loved her more for her kindliness every day, and meantime something of the same war was waging in his own heart. If the cause of the family triumphed a certain sum would fall to his own share—not large, it was true, but enough for him to marry Winnie and to take her back to the old manor house on the Hud-

son, where his lady mother was now taking boarders. Was not his duty to his mother and his betrothed a higher one than any call of philanthropy to build a nursery for the care of a few hundred babies? Sometimes he thought of putting the problem before Winnie, but he rejected the idea, knowing well that the noble girl would decide for self-sacrifice. It was easier to let things drift, and he decided not to decide, with a vague feeling that indecision in this case might be wrong decision.

CHAPTER XII.

JOHN NASH APPEALS.

DID Winnie make any outcry, or betray Milly's condition to Stacey, or alarm Mrs. Roseveldt? Any one who imagines that she did any of these things does not know the resolute girl. She drew the couch close to the open window, dashed water on Milly's face, and used the ordinary means which a trained nurse would have done to bring her to consciousness, and all so noiselessly that Mrs. Roseveldt in the next room was not disturbed. Then she heated water over her spirit lamp, assisted her to re-

tire, and placed the hot-water bag at her feet, blew out the candle, and kissed Milly good-night, with such a cheerful, matter-of-fact air that Milly did not realize that anything out of the common had happened, and imagined that she had simply fallen asleep. But though she went away to her own room to add to this impression (for it would have alarmed Milly if she had realized that she was watched), Winnie tip-toed back in the wee small hours, and was relieved to find her patient sleeping normally.

She was a little anxious as to what might happen when Milly awoke, and she rose early and entered her room, half fearing that she might find her in brain fever. But Milly opened her eyes and met Winnie's inquiring gaze with a perplexed but perfectly sane expression.

"What does it all mean, Winnie?" she asked wearily. "I have been lying awake going all over everything, and I can't understand it at all;" and she related all the strange chain of experiences—"phenomena," Mr. Oudenrogge would have called them—which had happened to her since they started upon the voyage. "This is really Stacey, I know, and possibly it

was Stacey whom I saw at the Ryks Museum; but what surely cannot be explained is his presence on the steamer when he was not there. That *must* have been his astral body."

"No, Milly, for astral bodies are impalpable, they say, and when touched the hand closes on nothing. Stacey's familiar carried you down to your stateroom when you were ill. Do you suppose a ghost could have done that?"

"No, and that plush carriage-robe was not an astral appearance; it had just as much substance as a similar one that John spread on the ground for me to sit on when I was sketching the other day in the meadow."

Winnie uttered a little scream. "Milly, it is all perfectly clear to me. It was that very carriage-robe, dear, which Stacey gave John Nash, and it was John Nash whom you saw on the steamer and who carried you down-stairs. Ask him."

"But John Nash does not look in the least like Stacey, and this appearance, I mean this man—for I believe now that he was real—had on Stacey's overcoat, the very one that he used take out yachting at Shinnecock."

"Yes, dear, and Stacey gave that to John Nash, too."

"It may be. How clever you are to have guessed it!"

"I did not guess it, Van wrote me so in one of his letters;" and Winnie hurried away and returned with the letter received at the Hague, which she had only half read to Milly.

"This explains all the ship mystery," said Milly, "and the baggage I saw at the hotel at the Hague." A red spot burned in either cheek as she read on. "Van is not complimentary to me," she said. "'Miss Roseveldt's rejection is the very best thing which could have happened to Stacey; it has made a man of him.'"

"No, Van was unpardonably rude, and that was why I did not read the letter to you."

"It is true though. Stacey told me enough last night for me to see that he is quite free from my old influence, which had such a deplorable effect upon him. I ought to be glad—of course I am glad that it is so."

"We will not discuss that point," Winnie replied. "I can see John Nash at work by the sheepfolds in the clearing. Come down

and have your coffee, and we will join him and talk up the steamer adventures."

Milly had brought her camp-stool and sketch-book, and had a long chat with John Nash, while Winnie returned to the inn to bid Stacey good-morning, and to explain Milly's hallucinations.

"Trust me," she had said to Milly, "the young man's conceit will not be the least increased when I am through with him. I shall dwell on his remarkable resemblance to John Nash, who is not strikingly handsome, and he shall understand that the fact that you have concerned yourself a good deal about him of late is simply owing to Mr. Oudenrogge's wonderful skill as a romancer, and because this phenomenal resemblance lent itself to such an illusion, just as you would have built up a ghost story about John in case you had happened to see Stacey in John's clothes under the same inexplicable circumstances."

Milly smiled. "He will think me an idiot," she said; "but that is of no consequence."

John Nash was so delighted when he heard that Stacey had arrived, that he left his painting outfit where the sheep would have licked

the palette clean if Milly had not protected it, and left Milly herself in the midst of her inquiries to rush into the inn dining-room like a Western cyclone, and overturn a pot of hot chocolate on Stacey's hand in his effusive happiness. He rushed back for his linseed oil and paint rags in which to bind up the scalded hand, and then attached himself to Stacey, entirely forgetting Milly and his work in the field. They came out together with Winnie after Stacey had finished his breakfast, and all discussed the different links which had fitted into each other so well.

"I'd no idea I was making such a row," John Nash said. "I wanted to up and speak to you like a man on the steamer, but I daresn't; I was afraid you'd turn me down."

"Yes, I was photographing and studying the models of the ships at the Ryks Museum," Stacey admitted. "That was partly what brought me to Amsterdam. Father is pleased with my mania for naval architecture, and I am to make it my profession for life. It is so good to have found something that one can do, and something that one's ancestors approve of. Father used to want me to go into the navy,

and because I didn't take to that sort of life he gave up all interest in me, but this seems to please him just as much. It is such fun to see his pleasure over my plans and models, and he has helped me a great deal with his knowledge. We are both surprised to find how sympathetic we are, and mother is the happiest of the three. It is remarkable to see how foolish mothers can be over their sons." As Stacey spoke he absently filled a meerschaum pipe, which Milly recognized as the one which had been offered her at Marken, and that she had seen again in the park.

"I can tell you where you were on the day before I saw you at the museum," she said demurely.

"I doubt it," he replied, "for I was not studying, I took a day off."

"Yes, and went to Marken and bought that pipe of an old man in balloon breeches who accosted you in front of the church."

"Exactly. Were you in Marken that day, too?"

"No, but the day before;" and Milly refrained from telling how she had been minded to buy the pipe for him.

"That's queer," Stacey replied. "I was reminded of you that afternoon."

"How?" Milly asked, but Stacey changed the subject, for the truth had been that the old man had first offered him a curious gold chain with threads of pearls, begging him to buy it for his sweetheart, and that Stacey had thought how he would have liked to place it where the turquoise necklace had nestled, but had repulsed the man, saying he had no sweetheart.

"I wonder if you can tell where I was the day after you saw me at the Ryks Museum? At any rate, I can tell you where you were. At Zaandam, for I saw your name later in the day under my own in the visitors' book in Peter the Great's little hovel. This camera must have been on the chair beside the table; didn't you notice it?"

Milly looked at Winnie and smiled.

"But why was a card marked with some Dutch name, Mr. Rooker or something like that, tucked inside the strap over yours?"

"That must have been the placard which the caretaker thrust under my nose, '*Verboden zu Rooken*'—smoking forbidden;" and then all

laughed merrily at Winnie, and twitted her with her friend Mynheer Verboden zu Rooken.

At luncheon Mr. Oudenrogge appeared. Winnie met him with freezing dignity, which was entirely lost upon him, for he had the cuticle of a pachyderm, and was perfectly impervious to cuts. He seated himself beside Milly, and thanked her for the compliment she had done him by taking him *au serieux* the night before.

"Then Winnie was right, and you were merely playing on our sensibilities by telling made-up stories as though they were true."

"Exactly," he replied. "I do not know whether there is any truth in theosophy or not; there certainly was none in my stories. I have found the field a fine one for the up-to-date ghost story, but I rarely have such success as last night, though I flatter myself that I tell a tale rather well. Your implicit and childlike confidence put me on my mettle."

"But you assured us that they were real experiences."

"That was to give them *vraisemblance* and add to the local color."

Milly left the table without a word, and Stacey, who sat opposite, said pointedly, "If

the gentleman will accompany me to my room we will continue this conversation.''

"I do not know you," said Mr. Oudenrogge scornfully, "and I have no desire to have any conversation with you."

"The feeling is mutual," Stacey replied. "I shall be even better satisfied if you will sign this paper. It is no fault of yours that Miss Roseveldt has escaped nervous shock as a result of your deliberate lying.''

Mr. Oudenrogge bridled, then cringed. There was something in the young man's appearance and manner which inspired alarm, and he traced his name and hurriedly took his leave, muttering, "Of course I am willing to apologize ; I only intended it as a joke."

Every one gave a gasp of relief, and Mrs. Roseveldt scolded Stacey for his impetuosity.

"What did you make him say?" she asked.

"Only this," Stacey replied, showing the paper.

"I hereby apologize most humbly to all who have done me the honor to listen to and believe my stories, acknowledging them and myself to be unscrupulous frauds.

"J. OUDENROGGE."

Stacey remained for several days, but there was a certain constraint in his relations with Milly which spoiled the happiness of his visit. He watched her go and come without intruding himself upon her. Indeed, when they went out on sketching tramps to Larenberg and surrounding points of interest he was usually Winnie's escort, while John Nash carried Milly's light easel and camp-stool.

John Nash's honest soul was troubled by this arrangement. He frequently tried to reverse the programme, but without success, especially as Stacey always took the lead with Winnie, and Milly seemed to depend upon him. But he was too blunt, too utterly lacking in finesse to be silent, and one day, when they sat a little apart from the others, he could not refrain from asking her frankly what Stacey had done to displease her.

Milly saw that the question was not prompted by impertinence, but by loyalty to his friend, and that she must answer him with equal candor.

"It is the old wrong," she said, "which you, of all others, John Nash, must find it difficult to forgive. I should think you would hate

me too, since Stacey did it to win my admiration."

"I don't know what you mean," John Nash replied. "Stacey never did me any wrong."

"Was it not a wrong to you as well as wrong in itself to show your sketches at Shinnecock as his own work?"

John Nash flushed with indignation. "Look here, Miss Roseveldt," he said, "I can see that you have never been told the true inwardness of that little transaction. Stacey didn't do that on account of you. Bless you, you know you weren't in it at all. It was all for my sake. There I was a poor, low-down fellow, that never would have dared join the class, for Mr. Chase's sake as well as my own, for every one of his swell pupils would have left if I had had the cheek to present myself in the studio. There I was, discouraged, poor, starving, and Stacey picked me up, invited me to his cottage as his friend, and when I would only come as his servant, gave me the wages without letting me perform the duties. Many a time he has blacked both of our boots and washed the dishes, so that I should have more time to paint in the little studio he rigged up for me.

Posed for me, too, though he had to send you regrets for invitations which you sent him. That doesn't look as if he was working for your admiration, does it?"

"But the fact remains that the pictures which you painted were shown as his work."

"Because I begged him to do it," Miss Roseveldt. "I was dying for Mr. Chase's criticism, but you might have chopped me into mincemeat before I would have carried those pictures in and set 'em up before the class, and then stood up and took the punishment, hot and heavy, for making such beastly things. But Stacey, he did it for my sake. 'I'll do it, Nash,' says he, 'if you will let me tell at the final breaking-up. I am not going off with all the credit,' says he; 'you've got to have your rights.' So I would tote the pictures over and set 'em up, and then sit just outside on the door-step and listen to Mr. Chase haul him over the coals, and say he didn't see how he could be so stupid; and Stacey would never let on, but would just take it all, standing there with folded arms, sort of smiling like, in a way that must have been very aggravating to Mr. Chase, while the sweat just poured down my

back just to listen out there where no one saw me. But little by little I began to catch on and to do better, and then you'd ought to have seen how tickled Stacey was. 'Bully for you!' says he. 'Miss Roseveldt praised you to-day. She said she never thought I had so much talent. No more I have,' says he. 'She was no end surprised, but she will be more surprised still when she knows the truth.' I won't say he wasn't tickled with the praise and petting you gave him while it lasted, and I know he sort of dreaded what you'd think of him at the end, though he'd no idea you'd be so mad as you was and treat him so mean. Beg your pardon, I can't help saying what I think of it, now you've got me started. As I was saying, he did kind of surmise you wouldn't be pleased; but, my! that didn't have no influence over him; he cared more for helping me than he did for what you would think."

The red deepened in Milly's cheek. "And I, who thought I had so much influence over him!" she thought. "I haven't lost it. I never had any."

"I used to say to him, 'Folks only praise the things because they think you did them.'

'It'll be a great joke on them when the "don't know maum" comes,' says he."

"The what?" asked Milly.

"The 'don't know maum.' Stacey was always talking about that—the time when they should all know that they weren't so smart."

"I think you must mean the *dénouement.*"

"Well, maybe that's the stylish way of pronouncing it, or the Dutch of it. Stacey was always looking forward to the fun he'd have when the cat was out of the bag; but he found it wasn't so funny, after all."

There were tears in Milly's eyes, but they were happy tears. Stacey's error was one of judgment; he had not meant to do wrong. There was something almost maternal in Milly's affection for Stacey. If he were really good, she did not care for the humiliation which came with the thought that she had overrated her own consequence as a factor in his life. So unselfish was she, that for the moment she had no thought of her own happiness, thrown away so uselessly, when she had put Stacey's love from her, because she fancied that it led him to unworthy acts for her sake. Stacey was not base, was not an unprincipled rascal—that was

happiness enough. She rejoiced so much in this, that the thought of what he had suffered from her undeserved scorn only came to her with a pang of remorse a little later when John Nash, misinterpreting her silence, said :

" You don't seem to believe me, and I don't know as I should expect you to if you can misunderstand as white a man as Stacey, and treat him so all-fired mean !" Here, with a vigorous dash, he blotted out a carefully painted group of ducks. " Why, then—well, I haven't any words for it, that's all !"

" I have," Milly replied. " I've an apology to make to Stacey."

John Nash could scarcely believe his ears.

" Well," he exclaimed—" well, now you're talkin' !"

CHAPTER XIII.

PIET VAN PIETERZOON'S OPINION—HAPPY DAYS AT LAREN.

SOME unforeseen influences in Leyden, as we have seen, had complicated matters for the claimants of the Van Pieterzoon legacy. Events were also transpiring afar in Africa which had their bearing on the matter. Piet Van Pieterzoon had gone to Natal simply on account of his business interests. He found the country in great excitement on account of political matters. His sympathies were with the Boers, who were of Dutch extraction, and with whom he

was thrown during his stay ; but he had some business transactions with an Englishman from whom he had purchased a plantation, which brought him under the suspicion of the Boers. It had been proved that Mynheer Van Pieterzoon had given the Englishman a check for a large amount, and a stalwart Boer by the name of Bergh was deputed to investigate the matter. The man called upon Mynheer, and asked his business in Natal. Being told that it was to purchase land, Bergh asked Mynheer to visit a farm of his in the interior. It was not until the guest found himself in a stockaded house, which resembled a fort more than a home, that he realized that he was a prisoner. Still conscious of his innocence, he maintained a cool demeanor, and did not manifest any alarm. Bergh, though of Dutch parentage, had been born and brought up in Natal. He spoke a patois called Tal, which was not pure Dutch, and his interests were entirely with the colony. He had, indeed, a vague curiosity about his Fatherland, which he hoped some day to see, and where he intended to send his boys to be educated, and he asked Mynheer Van Pieterzoon a hundred questions about it, with the

double aim of informing himself and of ascertaining whether he were the genuine Dutchman which he pretended to be. To aid him in these investigations he had asked his wife to serve at table, and to listen sharply to all that was said. Mrs. Bergh had been born in Holland, and had not emigrated until she was eighteen years of age, so that she was better qualified to be a detective in this instance than her husband. She placed a dish of *poffertjes* before her guest, and watched the evident gratification which accompanied their disappearance.

"Who would have thought to have found *poffertjes* in Africa?" said Mynheer Van Pieterzoon gratefully. "Surely you could have learned to make these only in Holland."

"True," she replied; "in Leyden."

And then Mynheer spoke of the city with such evident knowledge that Mrs. Bergh asked:

"Mynheer is from Leyden?"

"No, from Amsterdam: but our family are Leydeners."

"We are going to send our sons to the university," said Mrs. Bergh with pride.

"Yes? and there has always been a Van Pieterzoon in the university until this year."

"Van what?"

"Van Pieterzoon; it is my name. If you lived in Leyden, you may have seen the Van Pieterzoon Orphanage, which was founded by our family."

The tears came into the good woman's eyes, and she turned and looked at her husband, who came forward and took Mynheer's hand.

"Whatever you may be, you come of good stock," he said. "My wife was brought up in that Orphanage. She was one of seven daughters; four died in infancy from illness brought on by poverty; two might better have died, for they grew up with the education of the streets, and went evil ways. My wife was taken to the Orphanage on the death of her mother and cared for as a child should be, and educated in all that a woman should know, and when she became a woman the Orphanage sent her with some other young girls to a home here, where they were all married to young settlers, to men of character and substance, like me. Have you ever regretted it, Wimpje?"

For answer Mrs. Bergh came and placed her hand on her husband's brawny shoulder. "You have made my life happy, Jan," she

said; "but I have always considered that you and my boys and my happy home here in Natal were as much the gift of the Van Pieterzoons as the kindnesses that were done me at the Orphanage, and I have wished that I could some day repay the debt. There are twenty of our neighbors that stand in the same case: Mevrouw Beekman, and Hendrick Hooft's wife, and Nick Cat's, and Joost Momper's, and Wilhelmina Van Osterwijk, and Jacoba Mol, and Josselyn Van Wijck—"

"Stop, woman; say briefly that the wives of all the Council are from the Van Pieterzoon Orphanage. You are saved, man. If you stood there a convicted spy instead of a suspected one, sentenced to hanging instead of in danger thereof, you would still be sent away under safe convoy, for the wives of all our chief men would hold your life safe in their hands. I know not how it may be in Holland, but women are so scarce with us that they do with us as they please; and we have a saying, that when Eve was fashioned it was from the brains of Adam, not his rib, for, verily, when woman comes the brains of man go."

Mynheer Van Pieterzoon was able later to

prove his innocence to the satisfaction of the Boers, who treated him with great hospitality and kindness ; but he never forgot that but for the fortunate fact that an ancestor of his had founded the Leyden Orphanage he might have been given short shrift by these stern men. Therefore, when his Aunt Amalia's letter reached him bearing the news that a relative had arrived from America who would fulfil the conditions of the will and secure the family legacy, he had a feeling that, so far as he was concerned, he would, as a thankoffering, and in recognition of the good the institution was doing, have been willing that the legacy should have lapsed to the Orphanage ; and when that letter was followed by one from his lawyer, Voorhelm Hoogstraten, denouncing the claimant as an impostor, Piet Van Pieterzoon sat down and wrote his man of affairs, that since he could not reach home in time to attend to the matter himself, he gave him complete power to act for him in all matters connected with the legacy. Armed with this authority, Voorhelm Hoogstraten set out for Antwerp, to bring the recalcitrant lieutenant to terms. What was his disgust to find that Dirk Van Pieterzoon was

obdurate. He would not resign from the army, he would not practise medicine, and he would not study at the University of Leyden.

"Then," said the angry Hoogstraten, "I shall not give you my consent to marry my daughter. I shall send Jacoba to some friends of ours in Dutch Guiana; she was teasing me to do so only the other day."

The astute Dirk did not feel it necessary to explain that Jacoba's willingness to emigrate might have something to do with the intimation he had given her that his regiment was soon to be ordered to the colony.

"Do your worst," he replied, "and I give you fair warning it shall be diamond cut diamond, but I will not fulfil the conditions of the will."

"Then you lose your share of the legacy, as does every member of the family."

"Let them, we are rich enough without it."

Voorhelm Hoogstraten frothed with rage. He bounded from the room and hurried Jacoba away to Paramaribo, only to find out his mistake when the departure of Dirk's regiment for the same place was officially announced, and

he realized that instead of hindering he had hastened the marriage. Then most bitterly did he regret his action in rousing the regents of the Orphanage to oppose Dr. Van Silver-Peterson's claims, the only means of keeping the legacy in the family. He considered the situation in all its bearings, legal and family, and then buttoned Piet Van Pieterzoon's letter empowering him to act in the matter safely in the inside pocket of his coat and took the train for Leyden.

In the mean time the days were slipping away at Laren, gliding on golden slippers of art and happiness. Stacey was supposed to be studying at the Ryks Museum, but if Winnie's truly Celtic remark could be credited, the stoom tram brought him out to Laren more frequently than it took him back. Mrs. Fitz-Simmons and Mrs. Roseveldt exchanged visits and renewed their old intimacy. The commodore chartered a steam launch and took them all for a little trip of a few days' cruising about in the Zuider Zee and through the great Noordzee Kanaal to the ocean. The commodore was interested in visiting the scenes of noted naval battles, and especially that of Helder, where the Dutch ad-

mirals De Ruyter and Tromp defeated the united English and French fleets. They passed the Vrowensand (lady's sand) of Stavoren, which is gradually destroying its harbor. The mischief is attributed to the wife of a shipowner who desired one of her husband's captains to bring her a cargo of the most precious commodity in the world, and was so indignant when he returned with a shipload of wheat that she had it sunk in the harbor. The legend relates that the grain took root and formed the foundation of the sandbank.

At Hoorn they came on the track of the Dutch admirals again, and the commodore told them of a church-tower he had seen in Zeeland where the sword of the Spanish Captain Mondragme is used as a lightning-rod, and the frequency with which it is struck convinces the inhabitants of the abhorrence in which God still holds the Spaniards.

"It is very remarkable that your friend, Mejuffrouw Van Pieterzoon, should be willing to acknowledge her Spanish ancestry. Why, the very cats in Rotterdam cannot bear the sound of the Spanish language; but then they have good reason."

"Why, commodore," Milly asked, "did the Spaniards massacre the cats?"

"No, but the Dutch did, and the sagacious animals are supposed to know the reason. Have you never heard of the House of Forty Fears? When the Spaniards put Rotterdam to the sword, and bands of murderers wandered through the town, killing and burning, the people who lived in this house had the wit to kill their cats and pour out their blood on the door-step, marking the walls and sides of the door with the prints of bloody hands. They left the door wide open, broke the glass in the windows, threw the furniture on the lower floor into the utmost confusion, and on the next floor they set fire to their eiderdown feather-beds, letting the smoke pour through the open windows. Then they barricaded themselves in the rooms in the upper story and waited. Different detachments of Spaniards passed through the streets, but each believed that some of their men had been before them and had already sacked the house. The eiderdown beds were discreetly extinguished before the fire had done any other damage, and the family escaped; but no cats could be induced to inhabit the

house thereafter; and a Rotterdam cat will run if you say good-morning to it in Spanish. Fact, for I experimented with one myself."

The others laughed. "Did you try Dutch?" they asked, well knowing that there was only one Dutch phrase which the commodore had mastered. This was "*Heil morg*" (very pretty), which he used on all occasions, and generally with great success.

While the others were making this little cruise Winnie had remained at Laren, the others finding it impossible to induce her to give up for mere pleasure, even for a few days, the artistic privileges of the little colony. Insensibly her style changed, her interiors became rich, harmonious, and colorful, her landscapes were painted in that lower register of pearly grays and silvery greens which Mauve loved—no more garish effects of sunlight in the French *pleine air* school of chrome greens and vivid blues, which had fascinated her for a time. It was not that she no longer saw these effects in brilliant sunlight, but that she preferred the veiled skies of, the northern coast, softened by the mists which drift over the dykes and dunes, and blur and quiet to brilliant colors. When

Milly questioned her as to the change which had come over her tastes, Winnie referred her to Zola's vigorous presentation of his feelings on visiting the *salon* for the first time after many years. Zola had been won in his youth by the impressionistic pictures of Monet and Pissarro, and had fought for them in his critiques in the press, but when he saw the pitch to which the followers of these artists had carried their theories, he was shocked by the result. His forceful rendering of his condition of mind after the visit will explain not only Winnie's attitude of mind, but that of many another lover of art.

"What doubles my astonishment" (in this work of the modern impressionists), says Zola, "is the abuse of light which makes of certain works cloths that have lost their color through long washings. When I look at this washed and whitewashed *salon*, of a disagreeable chalky whiteness, I almost regret the black, bituminous *salon* of former days. That was too black, but this is too white. Life is more varied, warmer, and more supple. And I, who fought so violently for the open air, the light tonalities, find that a feeling of exasperation takes possession

of me as I survey this continuous file of bloodless pictures, dreamily pale, designedly chlorotic, so that I sigh for an artist of severity and shadow.

"But the point where my surprise turns to anger is when I note the madness to which the theory of reflections has led. Very justly we maintained that the lighting of objects and figures is not simple; that under trees naked flesh takes on a greenish tinge. Yet nothing is more delicate to grasp than these reflections, this play of sunlight—the transition to caricature is quick. What disconcerting works we see! These multi-colored women, these violet landscapes, and these orange horses, accompanied with a scientific explanation that they are thus and thus because of such a decomposition of the solar spectrum. Oh the women with one cheek blue under the moon and the other vermilion under a lamp-shade! Oh the horizons where the trees are blue, the waters red, and the skies green! It is frightful, frightful!

"Monet and Pissarro, the first to do so, I believe, delightfully studied these reflections. But what delicacy and art they displayed!

OFFICERS OF THE CORPS OF ARCHERS OF SAINT ADRIEN, BY FRANS HALS.

Every movement tends to exaggeration, turns into process and falsehood as soon as fashion seizes it. There is no truth, just and good, at the beginning that does not become by imitation the worst of errors, the invasive darnel that must be mercilessly mowed down."

All of these ideas and theories and many others were discussed among the young artists at Laren. Nothing is more delightful than life in an art colony of this kind, from the friction of mind upon mind, and Laren artists were not all of one school. Winnie did not confine herself entirely to animal painting. The interiors of the weavers' cottages were so rich in color, with the light filtering through the small windows—Neuhuys and Kever, in their charming genre paintings, appealed so strongly to her sympathies, that she, too, painted some studies of blond-headed, white-capped peasant children, like pond lilies blossoming on the dusk of some murky pool.

Stacey sat by them frequently as they painted, reading aloud from Maarten Maartens, or posing as a shepherd in a rough coat, or assuming the stooping attitude of a woodcutter. Milly was happy, she hardly knew why, for there

had been no word of explanation between Stacey and herself further than the generous admission on her part that she had misjudged him, and Stacey had not presumed on this to ask for more than the friendship which she had offered. It was bliss enough to feel the weight of her scorn removed. He feared that if he claimed more, that all would vanish, and he believed that this happy result had been brought about through his assuring Milly that he had become reconciled to giving her up. And all the time he knew it was not true, that he loved her more than ever, that the blond head and sweet blue eyes had grown inexpressibly dear to him, that it was happiness just to look at them, and how he could ever summon up courage to tear himself away when the time came for him to enter the School of Naval Architecture was more than he could foresee.

And Milly, seeing his love in his eyes, though he spoke no word, was happier than she had been since the old days at Shinnecock. She did not admit to herself that any part of this happiness came from a realization of his love ; she only said to her heart, over and over, with ineffable content, "Stacey is good ; Stacey is really *good !*"

CHAPTER XIV.

A LETTER FROM AMERICA.

THOSE who have read the preceding volumes of this series will not need to be told of the Children's Charity for Children, the Messiah Home, in which Milly and Winnie, Adelaide and Tib were so greatly interested. Whatever else may be imaginary in these stories (and the author does not pretend that everything really happened just as has been told), the Messiah Home and its beautiful work is true.

The Junior League, a society of children, described in the volume "Witch Winnie at Ver-

sailles," is a live society doing good work. During the past winter they held a number of meetings, gave a May-day festival, which cleared over six hundred dollars for the Home, and published a paper of their own. This paper was issued more particularly to interest members of the League not living in New York. Thirteen prizes were offered for the best stories and illustrations by children not over thirteen years of age, and those receiving the awards were published. Any one addressing a letter of inquiry to Mrs. J. W. Champney, 96 Fifth Avenue, New York, will receive full particulars in re gard to the Charity League, which all children everywhere are invited to join. But we will let Tib tell her friends the story of its work during the season of 1895-96.

"NEW YORK, May 3.

"DEAR WINNIE AND MILLY: I know it is a long time since I have written you, but you will pardon me when you hear how busy I have been, principally in attending to the correspondence relating to the Junior League. The paper is very creditable to such young authors. The editors of different prominent magazines took a great deal of interest in the work, and busy as

they are, examined the stories most conscientiously and awarded the prizes. I send herewith a copy of the paper. I am sure you will enjoy 'The Most Humorous Story,' 'Bones,' and the most amusing drawings which accompany the 'Ballad of Anna.'

"I have to thank you for a suggestion of yours, which made the success of our season. I refer to your enthusiastic letter describing the tournament at Antwerp. We could not get up *un entrée joyeux*, such as you planned, but I saw that something in the way of a spectacular procession might be managed, and as the children of the League wanted a May-pole dance for the first of May, we arranged it in a style resembling as nearly as possible the old Rubenesque fêtes of Antwerp, of which you wrote. In this instance Professor Carl Marwig was our Rubens, secured to us by the generosity of one of our kind patronesses; another gave the May-pole with exquisite decorations of lovely garlands of pink and white morning-glories and broad satin ribbons of the same colors. The League met each week for a month to rehearse. Mr. A. M. Palmer gave us the use of the Garden Theatre for our final performance,

and the following programme was elaborated: First, Surprise and Crowning of the May Queen. This was acted by thirty-six little boys and girls, all dressed in white with baby-blue ribbons. There were marches and counter-marches and pretty fancy figures in this part, and then the May Queen was installed on her grassy throne, surrounded by her maids of honor, and the various attributes and accompaniments of spring came in to do her honor and to greet the coming of *la belle saison.* First was a march by tiny boys in green—Blades of Grass they were called; then little girls in pink carrying sprays of apple and peach blossoms, followed by all the flowers in more gorgeous colors. Then a most beautiful dance by seven 'butterflies,' in floating, swirling draperies, followed by a flight of birds. After that the most comical procession and drill of babies—not real babies, but boys dressed in long gowns with caps and sashes, all shaking rattles and going through the most extravagant capers, because the time was coming when they could tumble in the new mown hay. After the babies had brought down the house, there was a beautiful May-pole dance, and then, as a grand finale, a

procession of the sports and games of Spring and Summer, in which the children of the American Revolution and several prominent private schools of the city took part as the guests of the League. The boys of our school wore the uniform of little middies, and carried a racing shell and oars ; another deputation came as a baseball nine, and there was a long procession of tennis-players with their rackets ; golf-players with caddies carrying their outfits ; girls in white, with many-colored gauze butterfly nets ; tiny children bearing flags and banners ; an archery club with a target ; hunters and fishermen with guns and game-bags, rods and creels ; gardeners with tools and garlands ; hunters in pink coats, and jockeys in harlequin satin suits, etc. It was a great success, both artistically and financially, for now the treasury holds enough to care for the children of the Home through the long summer, until all of our friends have returned from over seas and from the country.

" On the 3d and 4th of December there will be a fair at the Waldorf, and the children of the League will work for it during the summer. We have offered prizes for the best dressed dolls

—the sewing to be taken into account—and for the most artistic paper dolls made by children under fourteen, and medals are offered for the prettiest painted fans. Here the age of the artist is not limited, and we hope that you will each decorate several for us. So now good-by, dear girls; have a beautiful vacation, but don't get de-Americanized; come back to us in the autumn to pour out some of the sunshine which you have stored up in your hearts during the summer.

"Most realistically yours,

"TIB."

As all of our readers may not see the little paper published by the Junior League, we copy herewith two of the articles which it contains to which Tib refers. The first is a *bonâ fide* composition, a report handed in by a boy of a reading on physiology to which he had listened.

BONES.

"Bones is the framework of the body. If I had no bones in me I should not have so much shape as I have now. If I had no bones in me I should not have so much motion, and teacher would be pleased, but I like to have motion.

"Bones give me motion, because they are sometimes hard for motion to cling to. If I had no bones, my brains, lungs, heart, and larger blood-vessels would be lying around in me, and might get hurted ; but now my bones get hurted, but not much, unless it is a hard hit.

"If my bones were burned, I should be brittle, because it would take the animal out of me. If I was soaked in acid, I should be limber. Teacher showed me a bone that had been soaked ; I could bend it easily. I should rather be soaked than burned. Some of my bones don't grow close to my others snug, like the branches to the trunk of a tree, and I am glad they don't, for if they did I could not play leap-frog and other good games I know. The reason why they don't grow that way is because they have joints. Joints is good things to have in bones. They are two kinds. The ball and socket joint, like my shoulders, is the best. Teacher showed it to me, only it was the thigh of a cow. One end was round and smooth and whitish. That is the ball end. The other end was hollowed in deep. That is the socket, and it oils itself. It is the only machine that oils itself. It never creaks like the school-door.

There is another joint that doesn't seem much like a joint. That is the skull. It don't have no motion. All my bones put together in their right places make a skeleton. If I leave out any or put any in the wrong place it ain't no skeleton.

"Some animals have their skeletons on the outside. I am glad I ain't them animals, for my skeleton, like it is on the chart, wouldn't look well on my outside."

"The most humorous drawings" were judged by J. A. Mitchell, editor of *Life*, who reports: "I consider the illustrations for the 'Melancholy Ballad of Anna' the most amusing. The 'Bad Brownies' were a close second."

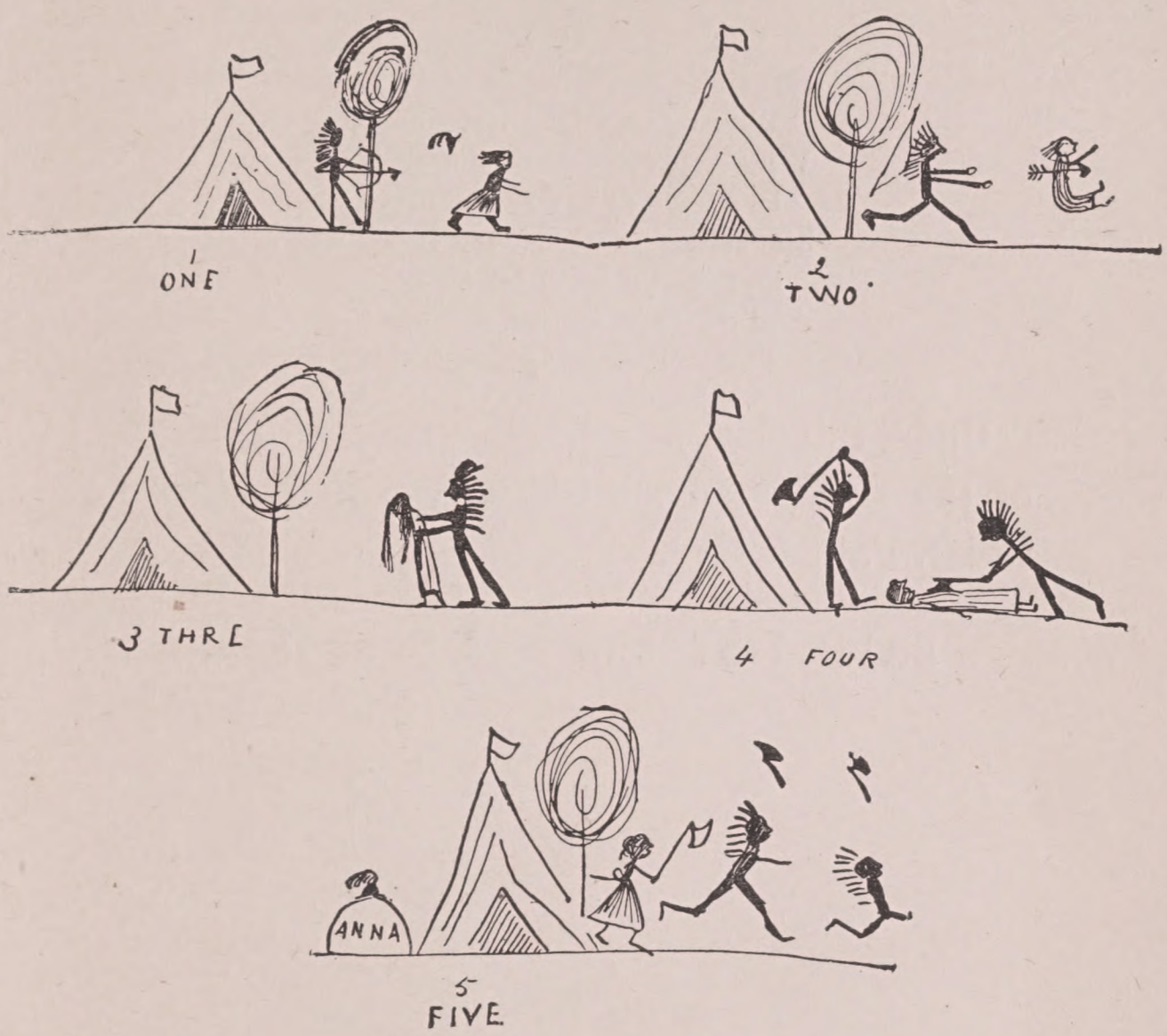
The Melancholy Ballad of Anna.

I.

Anna saw the Indian
  Behind the greenwood tree,
And ran as fast as she could run,
  And so did he.

II.

The Indian shot at Anna—
  He shot her with an arrow.
It pierced her tender little heart,
  For it was sharp and narrow.



III.

The Indian carried Anna
  And laid her 'neath the tree.
Alas ! the gentle maid was dead,
  And bleeding piteouslie.

IV.

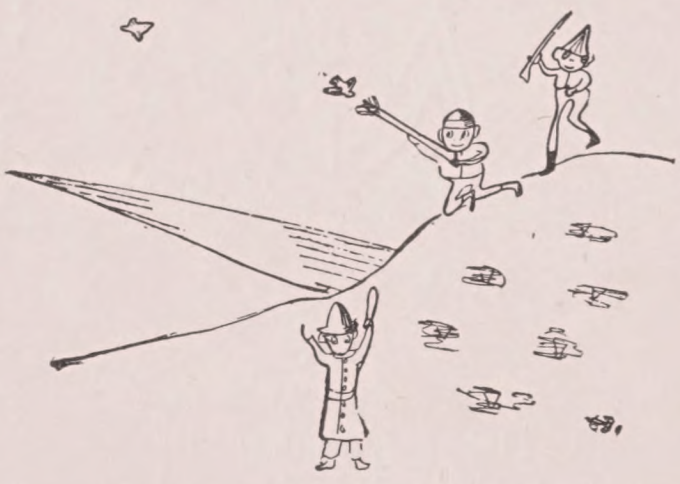
He called another Indian,
  Who cruel was and rash.
They chopped her with their tomahawks,
  They chopped her into hash.

V.

But there was a heroic girl
  Who was a friend to Anna,
Who stole all of their tomahawks
  In a sly and daring manner—
She chased those wicked Indians,
  She chased them far away,
And then she buried Anna,
  You can see her grave to-day.

Under this class we reproduce the "Brownies" of the Brown School, Chicago, with apologies to Mr. Palmer Cox.

Ballad of the Bad Brownies.



DRAWN BY VAN LEBER.

I.

The policeman was deaf and could not hear
  The guns go crickety crack,
So the brownies had just loads of fun
  Behind the policeman's back.

DRAWN BY RICHARD BROWN.

II.

The apples were ripe, the apples were red,
Over the garden wall ;
The brownies filled their baskets
But one or two had a fall.

DRAWN BY CARL KLOCK.

III.

The farmer heard the noise and ran
After the boys down the hill ;
The farmer ran fast, but the brownies got off—
Cause why ? They ran faster still.

CHAPTER XV.

A DELFT MANDARIN AND A KIRMESSE.

BEFORE the summer was quite ended Mejuffrouw Van Pieterzoon extended an invitation to Winnie to visit her at Leyden. Van had happened to remark to the good woman that Winnie was interested in a similar institution in New York, and that there were many good arrangements in the Leyden Orphanage which might give her ideas for the better management of the American home; whereupon Mejuffrouw had insisted that Winnie should come and familiarize herself with all its workings. Winnie brought with her her most cheerful studies

made at the Hague with Mr. Zilcken and at Laren, and suggested a scheme which found great favor with the nurses and patients in the little hospital at the Orphanage. There was a sick child there, little Wilhelmina Rosemboom. She had been to the country once, and had seen daisy-starred meadows and lily-flecked canals, but that had been two years ago, and Minna would never leave the hospital ward, for she was slowly dying of hip disease. But she talked often of that delicious visit to the country, and when Winnie sat beside her told her of the beautiful things she had seen.

"Would you like to have that window in the wall, which has been bricked up, just at the foot of your bed, opened again?" Winnie asked —"a window through which you could see a lake with fluffy yellow ducklings swimming upon it, and children wading and sailing paper boats?"

The child's eyes brightened, then darkened with disappointment. "If there was a window through that wall," she said, "you would only look down into the yard—Mynheer Storck's soap factory."

"But this is to be a magic window. Some-

times you will see the lake, sometimes sunny meadows, with lazy cows standing knee-deep in clover, sometimes shady woods. You will fancy yourself lying on a trekschuit drifting along a canal, turning and winding, passing through villages and by lonely farms, catching glimpses of old windmills and the sails of fishing-boats, and wonderful sunsets. You shall stay just as long as you like before one view, and when you tire of it the barge will glide on."

The child did not understand just how this was to be arranged, but she believed Winnie, and fell asleep, dreaming of the magic window. When she awoke it was there, for Winnie had tiptoed in and noiselessly fitted one of her sketches into the frame of the window. She had placed a little rod with a muslin curtain in front of it, and when she saw that the child's questioning, eager eyes turned toward this curtain Winnie drew it aside, and there was the pond with the lily-pads and the fluffy yellow ducklings. Minna clapped her hands with delight.

"And when you are tired of the ducklings," Winnie said, "nurse will close the curtain, and you can imagine yourself drifting along the

canal, and you can wish three times where the barge shall anchor, and close your eyes and go to sleep like a good child ; then when you awake nurse will draw the curtain back, and you will have a new view."

"I shall never be tired of the ducklings," Minna said, and all day long the pleasure which she took in watching them made her forget her pain.

"That is a capital idea," said Van. "It ought to be introduced into all hospitals. Nothing is so wearisome as the permanent picture which the invalid gazes at, until he thinks how weary the people must be of eternally holding just such positions, and wishes that the sunset clouds would only fade away and quiet starlight take their place ; but a succession of beautiful views, changed at the wish of the patient, must be a great refreshment to the mind."

As Winnie became more informed as to the Orphanage, its work and its needs, the same question which had been borne in upon Van's mind came to her with this difference. To Van it had come in this way : "Have I the right to give up a legacy which will make my mother and Winnie independent ?"

To Winnie it was more personal, and therefore simpler: "Shall I allow Van to take this money from the poor in order to make us comfortable?"

She broached the matter after a more than usually busy day, when the good which might have been accomplished with greater means was very evident.

"Van," she said abruptly, "I am sorry I wrote for you to come to Holland. I don't think you have any right to divert the Orphanage money to the Van Pieterzoons. I don't think you have any right to it yourself."

For answer he took her hand. "I am proud of you, Winnie," he said; "but do you know what this means to us?"

"That we must wait a while longer to be married, but that is no matter."

"Don't you care? Is that so slight a thing that—"

The look she gave him silenced the reproach.

"Winnie, you are a trump. I'll go back to America as soon as I have finished this course of lectures, and I'll make a home for you soon without the help of the Van Pieterzoons."

"Of course you will, you noble fellow;" but

as to what was said between the two, in legal parlance, "further deponent testifieth not."

One day toward the close of Winnie's visit, as they were dining in Mejuffrouw's Delft decorated dining-room, Mynheer Piet Van Pieterzoon was announced. He had stopped at Leyden on his way home, having come by rail from a southern port of France, and had not been to Amsterdam or seen his notary. It was a pleasant surprise to them all. The good man took his seat at the head of the table in the capacious armchair, which only a true Van Pieterzoon could adequately fill. Winnie could not help noticing how much he resembled the porcelain Chinese mandarin on a shelf behind him. This mandarin was a bit of rare old Delft, and had been ingeniously constructed to serve as a chest of spices. Each of the buttons on his china waistcoat was the knob to a little drawer, and Winnie could not rid herself of the whimsical idea that if she pulled Mynheer Van Pieterzoon's waistcoat buttons little porcelain drawers containing cloves, allspice, or cinnamon would spring from his ample interior. Mynheer was cordial, but when Mejuffrouw plunged into a rehearsal of the proof of Van's relationship, he

was not enthusiastic. He looked over the papers very carefully, and his brow clouded.

"It is all very convincing," he said, "and it is a pity that I should have been called to Africa at just this juncture, for now the time during which his pretensions should have been proved has elapsed."

"No matter," replied Mejuffrouw; "our American cousin was here and enrolled as a student of the university before the expiration of the time. He was just as much our cousin before we recognized him as afterward. I do not see but the conditions of the will have been fulfilled."

"Unfortunately application should have been made to the court in his behalf by myself, as the oldest male representative of the family, and in their name, in order to have our succession to the legacy established and confirmed legally. This is especially necessary if there is any other claimant, and I suppose the regents will protest."

"The regents have protested," said Mejuffrouw grimly. "That beast, Voorhelm Hoogstraten stirred them up to it. Would that the Inquisition were still in force that I might have him put to the torture!"

Piet Van Pieterzoon winced, for he thought of his letter to his notary from Natal, fully authorizing him to act in his stead, and against this American pretender if he so pleased.

"If Dr. Van Silver has not succeeded in establishing your right to the legacy," said Winnie, "he will regret if it brings disappointment to you or Mejuffrouw, but surely you will not mind it so very much, since it increases the field of so noble a charity."

"Miss De Witt voices my feeling precisely," said Dr. Van Silver.

"Tut, tut," replied Mynheer, a little impatiently; "you forget that we are not the only losers. If your descent from Cornelis Van Pieterzoon had been established in time, you would have come in for a good little plum yourself."

"I understood that perfectly," Van replied.

"Then why didn't you inform yourself of the steps to be taken to secure the legacy?"

"I did so upon my arrival."

"Then, if you made application, it is for the court to decide on the justice of your claim."

"I made no application," said Van. "The matter concerned Miss De Witt as much as

myself, and she decided for me that I had no right to push the claim, and I did nothing."

Mr. Van Pieterzoon took off his spectacles. "If I had my hat on I would take it off to you, but as I cannot do that, I take off my spectacles to you. You are a most remarkable girl."

"And you are not angry that Van has helped you keep the legacy?"

"Not at all, not at all," said Mynheer.

"But I am," said Mejuffrouw. "I am very angry. What was our American cousin invited here for, I should like to know?"

"But I thought, dear Mejuffrouw, that you were so interested in the Orphanage—your own pet charity."

"Am I not also my own myself? I had determined in my own mind to make a perpetual subscription to the Orphanage equal to my part of the legacy, and to ask all the relatives to do so; but that is very different from being compelled to render it up from losing our just claims. Cousin Van Silva Pieterzoon, I consider that you have treated us very shabbily."

"I am very sorry," Van began, but as he spoke the serving-man brought in a legal-looking document sealed and tied with tape and

addressed to himself. He opened it wonderingly. It was the decision of the court that the appeal of Piet Van Pieterzoon, as representing his family and in behalf of an American relative lately returned, was allowed, and that the conditions on which the tenure of the legacy was held were also allowed to have been filled, and the legacy was continued.

Mejuffrouw clapped her mittened hands with delight. "You are a Van Pieterzoon in spite of yourself," she said.

"Yes, but I do not understand who has done this," said Van, quite dazed. "It says on application of Piet Van Pieterzoon, but this paper is dated two weeks ago."

"Voorhelm Hoogstraten had power of attorney to act in my stead," said Mynheer.

"But Mr. Hoogstraten was much opposed to me. It was he who set the regents against me."

"That was when he thought that my Grandnephew Dirk could be made to fulfil the conditions; but Dirk has gone to the Dutch West Indies, and what is more, has married Jacoba Hoogstraten; and so, though Voorhelm hates him, he is a father still, and has no mind that Jacoba should lose her share of the legacy. It

is all as it should be. The legacy is confirmed to us; now we will see how those other regents treat me at the next board meeting, and in the mean time we will make up our subscription. Write it out, Nephew Piet. Say that we maintain our family rights, but we make this donation from pure free will."

"And put me down, too, for anything which I may come in for by this paper," said Van.

"That is all very well so far as you are concerned, young man," said Mynheer, "but you cannot dispose of your mother's portion, nor shall we allow her to do so for an Orphanage in which she cannot be personally interested. As trustee of the property I shall take pleasure in sending her little annuity each year. There will still be quite enough for the Orphanage."

Thus it was all arranged as Mejuffrouw wished, and though Van succeeded to no part of the legacy, he did not feel that his trip to Holland had been made in vain or his time wasted, for he had had the great pleasure in working for the Orphanage, of infusing young blood into that ancient institution, and inducing it to enlarge its scope and adopt new methods, and he had made a true friend in Mejuffrouw; and

friendship is sometimes worth infinitely more than kinship, even when the latter brings an inheritance.

Judging by practical and more selfish standards, the time had been well employed, for he had earned the cost of his summer and had profited by a valuable course of lectures at the university. Besides the annuity, Piet Van Pieterzoon insisted on his carrying back with him some beautiful old Dutch silver as a present for his mother, and expressed himself as very proud of his American relative. As for Mejuffrouw, she had her father's medical library boxed up and sent to America for his use, and urged Winnie to choose anything in the house as a souvenir of her visit. Winnie modestly chose the porcelain mandarin spice chest, not telling Mejuffrouw that the reason she did so was for its resemblance to Mynheer Van Pieterzoon.

Winnie returned to Laren to pack her luggage for America. The days were growing short and chilly, the rain was colder, and the wind brought down great armfuls of russet leaves. It was time to think of home. Just before the final farewells there came one beauti-

ful autumnal day, in which they all attended a kirmesse or village fair. In many ways it was not unlike a French fair, with its merry-go-rounds and booths of itinerant mountebanks and puppet shows. There was a little trained dog that was put through many clever tricks by a French clown. Winnie was almost sure that she recognized the little creature even before it trotted in with a widow's veil trailing from its head, and with a placard about its neck bearing the inscription :

" Mon mari est mort,
Que c'est bien.
Pour son repos,
Et pour le mien."

" It is," she cried—" it is Desdemona !" and she flew around to the " stage entrance" of the booth, to find that the clown was her old acquaintance, Zizi's uncle. Zizi, he said, was married—a great rise in the world for her. Ah ! yes, Zizi had been very fortunate. She had married Monsieur Samier, the lion-tamer, and the old lioness had killed him within ten days of their marriage. It was heartrending, but there were consolations in religion, and his life

was well insured. Zizi had sold the whole menagerie, and had taken the Samier children and gone to live in the old Pelerin Mansion in Paris. Her father had grown old and needed her care, and as concierge she had her rent free. The only mistake was in embarrassing herself with those stepchildren of hers, who might have gone on the stage as ballet girls; but Zizi was always fond of educating little animals.

Winnie asked what had become of Othello, the great black poodle. Alas! the legend which Desdemona tells is true. Like Zizi, they can both say:

> "My husband is dead, and truth to tell,
> 'Tis better for him and for me as well."

Winnie tried to believe that Desdemona recognized her, but the poodle turned its pink-rimmed eyes upon her with an unresponsive stare.

"It is the way of the world, mademoiselle," said the clown. "I myself know what it is to be forgotten. Have I not lavished every kindness on that ungrateful one Zizi, and when her husband left her a rich widow, did she remember me? Did she say, '*Zerns*, there is my old uncle, but for whom my husband would not

have died?' For if I had run a little faster when I was sent for the surgeon he might have been living now. Did she recognize this and give me a pension? No more than that poodle. Ah, mademoiselle, take my word for it, there is no such thing as affection or gratitude or reward for good actions in this world. What does it matter; we have still, as I said, the consolations of a good conscience, or at least of a good appetite."

Winnie took leave of the old mountebank, and found that while chatting with him the audience had been dismissed, and Milly and Stacey, in seeking for her, had wandered away through the grove. It was some time before she found them, for they had given up their search, and had seated themselves on a little bench beside the road, where, shaded by the trees, they could watch the people as they strode by to and from the *stoom* tram. They were sure that Winnie would pass that way, and that they could not fail to see her, and then they became so much interested in their own conversation that Winnie passed by twice before they discovered her, and then it was really Winnie who found them.

They were to separate the next day, for Stacey was going to the School of Naval Architecture, which had already opened. It seemed to him that the minutes of this their last day together sped away with incredible swiftness. He was strangely silent, and yet there were words forming themselves over and over in his brain, and nearly bursting from his lips—"I love you, Milly! Milly, I love you!" He could hardly choke them down, and he could think of nothing else. Milly chatted on for a time, and then finding that he did not seem to be paying attention to what she was saying, she, too, was silent. Suddenly she exclaimed :

"Look, Stacey, there is the old peasant who sold you your pipe at Marken. I wonder if he keeps a stock of them to peddle everywhere."

Stacey took out his pipe and looked at it moodily. "I wish I had never taken up smoking," he said. "I believe I shall end up with having a tobacco heart. I had to give up sprinting at Cambridge because I was not quite sound."

Milly looked very anxious. "Oh, Stacey," she said, "I wish you would give up smoking before it is too late. Won't you, for my sake?"

She blushed and corrected herself, "I mean for your own sake, Stacey; for, of course, I don't flatter myself that I have any influence over you."

"No influence!—well, rather. To prove whether you have or not, there is my meerschaum and here is my brier, and when I get to Amsterdam I'll send you every pipe I've got, and I'll swear not to smoke again till you give the word, if you will only say that my living is of any interest to you."

The glad look in Milly's face was unmistakable. "Any interest! But I didn't know that you cared to have me care."

"Don't I? Why, Milly, you have been an influence for good in my life ever since I first knew you. Even after you threw me over at Shinnecock—and I have been raging angry with you for that—you didn't lose your influence, all the same. I determined that I would make a man of myself, and such a man as you would respect, so that you would see some day that you were mistaken in me—mistaken the right way, I mean. You will never lose your influence over me, Milly, and it will always be for good; no matter if—if—" He did not finish

the sentence, for the Marken peasant in the balloon-shaped trousers and scarlet waistcoat approached them with a wheedling smile. He carried the same chain with the pierced pearls which he had offered to Stacey at Marken. He threw it over Milly's neck with a little toss, and placed one end of it in Stacey's hand.

"Mynheer will not refuse me this time," he said.

Stacey took out his pocketbook. "Do you like it, Milly?"

"It is exquisite; but surely, Stacey, you do not mean it for me?"

"Oh, yes, he does," the man replied, nodding and smiling. "It is a betrothal chain, and very old. Many hearts have been plighted and none broken by that chain; it brings good luck. Give him one of the links to keep. I knew Mynheer would buy this chain of me as soon as I saw you sitting here with him. I told Mynheer when I offered it to him before—"

"Be still, you old chatterbox," said Stacey. "That is, how much was it you said it was worth?"

"Twenty florins, your excellency. See how becoming it is to the lady. When your excel-

lency said you had no sweetheart, I knew it would not be so for long, and that you would want my chain to bind her fast. Good-by, your excellency. Good-by, my lady."

"Don't mind what the fool says," said Stacey.

"No," Milly replied slowly; "that is, if *you* don't mean it so," and then it was that Winnie found them most inopportunely, as Stacey told her very frankly.

"How so?" Winnie asked obtusely.

"Well, you see," Stacey replied, "I have been trying to propose to Milly for the last month, and if I have found it an embarrassing thing to do when quite alone with her, you may be sure it is no easier in your presence. However, as I may not have another opportunity, here goes. In the presence of this witness (not desired, but not to be gotten rid of), will you, Milly Roseveldt, promise some day to be my wife?"

END OF WITCH WINNIE IN HOLLAND.

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